

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE.

Contents for January, 1925.

The rights of translation and reproduction in the contents of this number are strictly reserved.

	Page
FRONTISPIECE	
IN CONNEMARA. FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL HENRY	
NOTES OF THE MONTH	367
FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE. By J. M. H.	369
POETRY	
BY THE MANGAN MEMORIAL. By an pílirín	374
SUMMER SONG. BY CHARLES GRAVES	375
LITTLE DEVIL DOUGHT. A PLAY. By GERALD MACNAMARA (Concluded)	376
THE DESIGN OF DUBLIN. BY J. F. MacCABE, M.A. (Concluded) ..	386
T. C. MURRAY. FROM A DRAWING BY PHILIP NAVIASKY ..	302
THE DRAMATIC ART OF T. C. MURRAY. By DOROTHY MACARDLE	393
A DIALOGUE. By MAURICE WALSH	398
THE QUENCHING OF THE CANDLES. By FRANK GALLAGHER ..	405
THE FLOOD . By LIAM O'FLAHERTY	408
ILLUSTRATION FROM COUNTY DOWN SONGS	411
PASSPORTS, PLEASE. By JOHN BRENNAN	413
MUSIC-HALL ELEMENTS. By W. J. LAWRENCE	420
ILLUSTRATION FROM COUNTY DOWN SONGS	423
BOOK REVIEWS	425

The Editor of "The Dublin Magazine" will be pleased to consider MSS., if accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility, however, is accepted for MSS. submitted.

All MSS. should be typewritten, and addressed to The Editor, "The Dublin Magazine," 2-5 Wellington Quay, Dublin.

The Subscription Rate for "The Dublin Magazine" is 14s. 6d. per annum, post free, to any address.

Subscriptions should be addressed to The Publisher, "The Dublin Magazine," 2-5 Wellington Quay, Dublin.

Advertisement copy, and all communications relating to the advertisement pages, should be sent to

The Advertising Manager, "Dublin Magazine," 10 Exchequer St.

London Agents—"The London Mercury," Castle Court,

Poppin's Court, London, E.C., 4.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS TO VOLUME I.

Æ.	John MacDonagh.
George Atkinson.	Brinsley MacNamara.
Hannah Berman.	Gerald MacNamara.
Thomas Bodkin.	Andrew E. Malone.
ΠΑΡΟΛΙΣ DE BRÚN.	Christine Majolier.
T. B. Rudmose-Brown.	Hon. R. Erskine of Marr.
Donn Byrne.	John Masefield.
Roger Chauvire.	Rutherford Mayne.
Austin Clarke.	Peter McBrien.
Padraic Colum.	Susan Mitchell.
Daniel Corkery.	Seamus O hAodha.
Frank Dalton.	John J. R. O'Beirne.
P. J. O'Connor Duffy.	Liam O'Flaherty.
John Eglinton.	Seamus O'Kelly.
L. S. FÓGAN.	T. F. O'Rahilly.
Louis Golding.	Seamus O'Sullivan.
Charles Graves.	Mona Price.
David Grave.	Stanton Pyper.
James Guthrie.	Lennox Robinson.
Patrick Kelly.	Michael Scot.
S. S. Kotliansky.	James Stephens.
D. L. Kelleher.	George Manning-Sanders.
W. S. Lawrence.]	Ella Young.

Etc., Etc.

Artists :

Harry Clarke.	Charles V. Lamb.
Mary Duncan.	Austin Molloy.
Beatrice Elvery.	Jack Morrow.
William Geddes.	Art O'Murnaghan.
James Guthrie.	Grace Plunkett.
Louise Jacobs.	Sarah Purser.
Augustus John.	Estella Solomons.
H. A. Kernoff.	Jack B. Yeats.

Etc., Etc.

The Subscription is 14/6 per year; 7/3 per half-year, post free.

ORDER FORM.

To THE MANAGER,
 "The Dublin Magazine,"
 2 to 5 Wellington Quay,
 Dublin.

London Agent :
 THE "LONDON MERCURY,"
 Castle Court, Poppin's Court,
 LONDON, E.C. 4.

Please enter my Name as a $\frac{\text{yearly}}{\text{half-yearly}}$ Subscriber to "The Dublin

Magazine," for which I enclose

Name.....

Postal Address.....

Please write plainly.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024



IN CONNEMARA.

From a Painting by Paul Henry

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE.

Edited by SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

Vol. II.

JANUARY, 1925.

No. 6.

Notes of the Month

The *Revue Belge de la Renaissance d'Occident* asked its readers to classify writers of to-day and yesterday in order of their merit. As is usual in such enquiries, the results are surprising. Not a single English or German writer is on the list of the first thirty. d'Annunzio is as low as twenty-first, rubbing shoulders with the author of a mediocre and notorious novel, Victor Margueritte. Leon Daudet, chiefly known as a violent polemist, is put as high as seventh on the list. The Spaniard, Blasco Ibanez, comes number six. Mr. H. G. Wells is a notable absentee, considering the number of his books that are sold on the Continent; and one is left all the more bewildered seeing that the first three places are filled, at least intelligibly, by Emile Verhaeren, Anatole France, and Maurice Maeterlinck. The composition of the list is difficult to explain whatever supposition one makes regarding the literary character of the public which took part in the selection.

* * * * *

An enquiry of this sort in England, conducted among people who read good books, or who know what is supposed to be good, would probably also have placed Anatole France in the second place, with Mr. Hardy number one, and the two Belgians, Verhaeren and Maeterlinck, decently high on the list. Which reminds one that the English champion has again been passed over for the Nobel award. We should ourselves have supposed that the most noted of living writers, now that Anatole France is dead, were Mr. Bernard Shaw and d'Annunzio. Hardy has never been widely read outside of England. It is equally true that d'Annunzio never made a literary success in England or the States; but everyone knows something of him as a personality, and he has his legend. Conversely, Shaw's fame on the Continent is wholly literary; it is only in the so-called Anglo-Saxon countries that he owes anything of it to circumstances extraneous to his art, or to personal idiosyncrasies. But prose translates more easily than poetry—and d'Annunzio's greatest work is in his poetry, not in his prose narrative.

* * * * *

d'Annunzio's drama, *Pisanella*, was being performed at the Theatre L'Oeuvre in Paris; and Anatole France was among the spectators with a few friends. One of these said, "Maitre, only you and he can write things like that." Anatole France replied, "No, mon cher, only he." Afterwards the two writers quarrelled, like ordinary mortals, over the war.

The *Irish Rosary* publishes a rather interesting number for November. There is an article by the late Rev. S. S. Hartnett, a young priest of brilliant scholarly promise who died as the proofs were going through the press; it is entitled *The Lay Theologian*. Dr. Hartnett examines the spirit of the Reformation, identifies it with the French Revolution, and argues that the same spirit animates the modern worship of Democracy. It is not the first time that this identification has been suggested; indeed, Dr. Hartnett merely states what is a commonplace generalisation (albeit one that has been disputed) on the Continent. In Ireland, however, Protestant Unionists and Catholic Nationalists alike pay tribute to Democracy, which, whatever may have been its fate in practice, has with us been undisturbed as theory. That the "people" are the ultimate court of appeal, their corporate conscience the norm of right and wrong, is as much an axiom with Unionists as with Nationalists; only with the Unionists the term people means the inhabitants of two islands taken together, with the Nationalists, the inhabitants of this island only. The establishment of a national party, based on a criticism of the democratic idea, would certainly enrich the theoretical content of our politics.

* * * * *

But here is Mr. Belloc, the English Catholic, who regards the French Revolution in quite another light. For him it was an attempt to restore, particularly on the economic side, the normal Christian society of Europe, broken up by the Reformation, to which he traces the origins of the plutocratic and capitalist state (*vide Europe on the Faith*). On this view Irish history does not require to be re-written; it allows Catholic Nationalists to contemplate a movement like the Land League with complacency. There, too, was an attempt to restore the Christian "distribution" State, and to destroy an economic system dating its strength from the Reformation. Another view is that of Mr. Charles Maurras, the French royalist writer, who regards Reformation, Revolution, and modern Democracy as successive stages of European decay, destruction of order and authority, but who allows that many Christian elements entered into these movements. This doctrine is known as "political" Catholicism, and Maurras is himself an unbeliever.

* * * * *

We are mainly a Catholic country; and yet (*vide Dr. Hartnett*) not only is the theoretical content of our politics Protestant, but we have a modern literature of paganism. This is the theme of another writer in the same magazine. But the remedy in this case is not easily clear. It is "strange" certainly that most of what is known as modern Irish literature has been written so largely by non-Catholics, and odder still that we should have produced Mr. George Moore and Mr. James Joyce, neither of whose delinquencies as authors can be attributed to a Protestant education. But literature, Catholic or other, is not to be had for the asking; and the writer's conclusion is rather a lame one, for, after attacking "the theosophists of Plunkett House," he proposes that Irish Catholics should "read and write Catholic books."

Foreign Correspondence.

Milan, December 1924.

"When one says that people in Italy think more than they did, and that this is the most important change of recent years, two names immediately occur to one, inseparable in the mind of Italian youth, the names of Croce and Gentile." So writes G. Prezzolini in his excellent book, *La Cultura Italiana*, of which a translation will shortly be published in New York. An Irishman, making due allowance for the difference in size between the two countries, may permit himself to make a comparison between the position of Croce and Gentile in Italy and that of Mr. W. B. Yeats and A.E. in Ireland. They are neither of them characteristically Italian, as is d'Annunzio; but Italians often show, as sometimes also the Irish have done, an inclination to entrust themselves to persons quite unlike themselves: as an instance, the long rule of Giolitti, of whose last ministry, it is interesting to note, Croce was a member. These two thinkers, like Yeats and A.E., have had their practical activity; and both Croce and Gentile have been able, in spite of their immense literary labour, to take part in Italian politics. The former, who was a neutralist during the war, took a seat in Giolitti's Cabinet when that old statesman, who had also been a neutralist, was recalled to power in 1920. He is a Liberal, and has acutely criticised both Marxian Socialism and the Fascist reaction. Gentile, on the other hand, although he comes from Croce's school, was prepared to offer his support to the Fascist movement, without actually declaring himself Fascist, and Mussolini gave him the position of Minister of Education in his first Cabinet. Gentile still believes in the existence of an original and constructive content in Fascism, and constantly disputes with the Liberals on this subject. Our own A.E.'s political ideas, as expressed in the *National Being*, resemble those of Gentile, not (as I once heard it said in Dublin) those of Croce; particularly on the point of the reform of the Liberal state by the introduction of the direct representation of the economic groupings of society. He is, says Prezzolini, a robust son of Sicily, strangely marked by the religious spirit.

Of the two philosophers, Croce, the elder, is much the better known outside of Italy. His treatise on Aesthetic, especially, is famous all the world over. Most of his important works, including this treatise, his book on Hegel, and the four volumes of the *Philosophy of the Spirit*, have been translated into English by Mr. Douglas Ainslie. Some of them are difficult reading. But his literary criticisms are always delightful, and never dry, though for their full enjoyment one needs to be acquainted with the main currents of Croce's thought. One of the latest of his volumes, "Poetry and Non-Poetry," has just come into my hands in the English translation, which is entitled *European Literature in the Nineteenth Century* (Chapman and Hall).

The authors discussed in this volume are not all amongst the greatest figures of the nineteenth century; their choice seems to have been determined by the fact that Croce chanced lately to re-read them. There are studies of twenty-five writers, chiefly French and Italian; and of these perhaps not more than five—Balzac, Carducci, Flaubert, Ibsen, Stendhal—have an assured place in the front rank of letters. It may be remarked that Croce has chosen several of his subjects as examples of non-poets. For him poetry may be written both in verse and prose; and the business of the critic is to distinguish between what is not poetry, namely, the logical (philosophy) and the practical (politics and ethics), and poetry, which is the “beauty-making” gift of expression, the “dream of the life of knowledge”; and by this scientific method he judges his authors. Italy and Germany have been pioneers in introducing some theoretical certainty into literary criticism, while France has produced a brilliant impressionistic criticism. On English critics Croce is significantly silent, except in the essay on Sir Walter Scott where he alludes to the great Edmund Gosse—“such a person as Gosse”!

Delightful things, innumerable, of wit and wisdom, has Croce gathered up for our edification in the course of his long meditation upon life and of his great study of books. No one is less of a pedant than this philosopher of Naples, or—one may add—less of a weary Solomon. He quotes Ariosto:—

Many the fowls that fly, but few and far
Swans and true poets are.

But it takes all sorts to make a world, and one may enjoy many books that are not truly literature. So he says in the course of his rather severe essay on Georges Sand: “I, too, am fond of romantic books, and particularly of those illustrated, among which I possess *Les Femmes de Walter Scott* and *Les Femmes de Georges Sand* (how many lovely faces! how many superb queens of the heart!), and I contemplate them with a smile, but that smile does not express purely artistic satisfaction.” I read Mr. George Moore’s fascinating “Conversation” on Pure Poetry, with an anthology of instances, just after reading “Poetry and Non-Poetry”; and Mr. Moore, as it seemed to me, might have quoted some of Croce’s views with approval, although I do not think that Croce would have approved of much of Mr. Moore’s aesthetic criticism. One would like to hear Signor Croce take part in a Conversation at Ebury Street; he would certainly have more to say for himself than have Mr. John Freeman and Mr. De La Mare, as Mr. Moore represents his two favourite interlocutors. Especially if “such a person as Gosse” had also been bidden! But Mr. Freeman and Mr. De La Mare are very wooden figures, in Mr. Moore’s picture, and how one longs that they might, if they cannot contradict Mr. Moore, at least startle us (and their host) by sometimes accepting Mr. Moore’s not very pressing offers of a drink or of a second helping of pudding.

Mr. Moore might think he had found an ally in Naples when Croce observes, quoting Baudelaire, that great poetry is essentially *bête*, albeit the poet is "supremely intelligent." But in the very next passage of Croce's essay occurs that word so annoying to Mr. Moore when the poets utter it, Soul—"Poetry manifests itself by means of a transport of the soul, altogether independent of passion, which is an intoxication of the heart, and of truth, which is the food of reason." Mr. Moore opposes two sorts of poetry—poetry about ideas, poetry about things; or rather for him the non-poet is he who describes and propagates ideas; the pure poet he who represents the natural world of objects; and the only poems he admits into his Anthology are those compounded *exclusively* of musical and pictorial elements. Wordsworth was a poet of ideas when he praised Duty to a rather tiresome degree. Shelley, too, when he praised Liberty. Mr. Moore observes truly that Duty does not excite us as it did our grandfathers—nor Liberty either. These ideas will return and again become a fashion; our grandsons will hold them—"but the poetry they once inspired will not." But one might consider the question from another point of view, and say that Wordsworth's poetry was rather the inspirer of the idea of Duty than the subject of its inspiration. In which case Wordsworth on Duty may return.

Croce, too, has something to say about changes in taste and fashion, and ideas in poetry. But he holds, as Mr. Moore does not, that the aesthetic discipline, and so the taste, of some periods may be sounder than those of others. Two of the Italian writers to whom he pays highest tribute are Mazzoni and Carducci: neither of these possesses the soul of the younger generation. That may be so much the worse for the younger generation. "Poetical beauty, like philosophical truth, remains sound whether it be known to few or many."

Sick of all that impressionism, symbolism, sensationalism, verism boasted of as superfine art (writes Croce), I was involuntarily led to evoke within myself the pure and sober poetry of Carducci, where the fundamental and essential lines of the composition are always drawn with a firm hand. . . . I came upon a phrase of Maurras' referring to him as the *divin Carducci*, and I like to believe that so acute a discoverer and persecutor of literary decadentism and feminism, having been led to make the same discovery as I, had experienced an identical or similar feeling to my own.

There are writers, interesting to the historians of fashion and to antiquarians, whose work coincides with social manifestations and practical achievements, and, therefore, made a great stir in its day; but with the displacement of one set of social and practical interests by another, these writers are properly banished out of the company of poets by the next generation. As examples we have Georges Sand, and, to a lesser extent, Walter Scott and Zola. What we must really ask, according to Croce, in a given case, do we trace the activity of this writer or of that to a *practical* source? If so we know him for a non-poet. With Sand the practical is always in the ascendant; she does not respect art, but regards it simply

as an "outlet for her own sensibility and intellectuality." Zola was an admirable objective observer; no one has rendered the life of a great city with greater aptitude and energy. He was more than a mere reporter, too; for a moral solicitude vibrates in his work, but this must not be confused with "the feeling that prepares for the poet the material of imaginative creation"—with, for instance, Mazzoni's "moral comprehension of the human tragedy and comedy," nor yet with the Shakesperian wisdom that feels sympathetically the different human passions, assigning to each its harmonious place. Zola is a doctor of society, and, perhaps, only a country doctor; his exaggeration, as in the description of the brandy jar in *L'Assomoir*, that of a "doctor who desires to frighten his patients, so that they may not fall into the bad habits which cause their ills." One does not make poetry out of examples of vicious heredity and the like; and, moreover—and to this we ascribe the decline in Zola's reputation, not to a better understanding of aesthetic principle—belief in heredity is no longer the fashion, nor are the social evils of Zola's time precisely those of ours, nor are we sure now that Zola's remedies would be efficacious, or, if efficacious, that they would be desirable in their results.

Says Mr. Moore: "Every ten years morality, patriotism, duty, and religion take on new meanings, different from those they wore before, and that is why each generation, dissatisfied with the literature that preceded it, is inspired to write another literature round the new morality, the new duty, the new religion, a literature that seems to the writers more permanent than the literature their fathers wrote, but which is destined to pass away as silently"—a half-truth which is illuminated and rendered intelligible by Croce's searching criticism. To take again the excellent example of Zola: we are no longer under the influence of his idol, natural science, and what was written under that influence passes away silently, only it was not at any time literature! Georges Sand represented the moral life of Europe prior to the revolution of 1884 by means of an Utopia called the religion of love; and that life of Europe and Sand's Utopia seem very odd and *démodé* to us to-day. The writer who depended for his success on the fashions of his time will not live; which means that he or she was not in the Crocean sense a poet; so far Mr. Moore has expressed a truism. But from that it is a far cry to the position that pure art means a vision "almost detached from the personality of the poet"; and, indeed, in pleading for a naked objectivity, does not Mr. Moore "date" himself by recalling his early association with naturalism in literature, itself a fashion that has passed? The "innocency of vision" of which he speaks—and with that phrase he sums up the character of the poet as Baudelaire did by saying "great poetry is essentially *bête*"—may be found in reflective poetry, in religious poetry, even in "moral" poetry, as in poetry about things. To know the poet one places oneself as far as may be, at the centre of the poet's inspiration, asking for the nature of the poet's soul, of his "world," so that one can judge how

far his expression of that soul, that "world" has been spontaneous ("innocent"), natural, necessary, and, therefore, unique. This is Croce's method; and in adopting it he finds poetry, certainly not everywhere, but in writers so diverse as Mazzoni, sternly moral and Catholic, as the reflective and philosophical de Vigny, as de Maupassant, who "knows nothing but matter and sense." Croce speaks of the natural goodness that is found in Sir Walter Scott, and in which lies his modest poetry; but in saying this Croce does not mean that Scott set out to promote goodness, or to reflect the "ideas" of goodness current in his time—so far as he may have done these things, so far he pursued the practical and forsook poetry. Similarly a poet may be much occupied with the drama of Good and Evil (and be even a partisan of the Good!); but a poem can never be ethics, or philosophy, which is another activity of the spirit. These distinctions are not too obscure, and are worth the attention of readers of Mr. Moore's latest and most charming "Conversation in Ebury Street."

H.

By the Mangan Memorial.

I would salute thee, brother, while I pass
Unstable, like the shadow of a cloud
Above the shaken grass,
Caught in the turmoil current of a loud
And menacing autumnal wind, that rieves,
And carries in its ruinous wake,
The last belated of the willow-leaves
To litter the long levels of the lake—

Whence, yet unwearied, winnowing wild-fowl take
New wing, and the steep aerial tumult cleave
In strenuous rings of flight,
Whom once again the waters wan receive
Before dolorous night
Descend, in dereliction vast : but thou
Abidest, until dawn, with tranquil brow.

Brother, the number of thy years
Were few and evil, but thy tears
Were many, and thine heart uncomforted ;
And thou didst seek, throughout this iron city,
The bread of charity, the wine of pity—
And found them never, but alone
Received, for aliment, a stone :
Who now art comforted, since thou art dead.

I would salute thee passing, I, whose task
Predestinate was thine—to knock, and ask
Unanswered, at the brazen gates of life,
That may not open : and whose ears are rife
With promise unfulfilled, and all my sight
Obscure, with wind and hurrying wings and night.

an pilibin.

Summer Song.

O, come with me to those high hills
That lie beyond the town,
And we will watch the sun go up
And watch the sun come down,
And sit and see the barley tops
And bodied wheat turn brown.

Mine are a thousand thoughts to tell,
A thousand gifts to give—
Meadows of classic asphodel
And brooks where small trout live,
And fruited foredraughts ripened well
Where bees for no man hive.

And all the day our hearts would play
With wind and grass and clover,
And no man there should say you nay,
And I would be your lover.
And we for hours would lie quite still
And watch the clouds go over.
O, come, my love, O, come away,
O, come away together !

CHARLES GRAVES.

Little Devil Dought;

OR,

If ye don't give me monie I'll sweepe ye all out.

A Tragedy.

Written by BEN WEBLOWE, 1589.

Edited by GERALD MacNAMARA, 1924.

ACT III.—SCENE III.

The Castle Platform.—A Dirty Night.

(Enter the five bad brothers from the five points of the compass.)

Stil.— Who goes ?

Pist.— Answer me first !

Stil.— Come, unfurl thyself !

Poin.— God save the king !

Rap.— Keep off m' feet !

Gar.— Unhand me, villain ! *(Draws.)*

Stil.— I'll meet you in the lists

I' th' morn. *(Withdraws.)*

Gar.— Wouldst tourney with me ?

Stil.— Aye, that I would'st—armed

And cap-a-pie !

Gar.— Or cap-a-blanca ?

Stil.— We—that I would, or

Tête-à-tête an' it please your worship.

Gar.— 'Tis immaterial to me.

Stil.— Foulard !

Gar.— Crêpe de chine !

Stil.— Spunella ! *(Spits in the dark.)*

Gar.— Drapaca ! *(Draws.)*

(Clash of arms.)

(Enter Gorgonzola with a torch.)

Gorg.— Shame on you, hautboys ;

Sanguineous brothers.

Stil.— } Brothers ?

Gar.— } Brothers ? ? *(They embrace.)*

(Exeunt omnes, embracing, except Gorgonzola.)

Little Devil Dought

377

ACT III.—SCENE IV.

Same scene.—A Dumb Show.

(Enter the five brothers and Gorgonzola. Gorgonzola taps the castle walls with his distaff; a vision appears of Gamba embracing Pianola. Gorgonzola takes a dagger from each of the brothers and stabs Gamba.)

Gorg.— Savey comprong ?

(Note.—A French word used by the common soldiery. During the Hundred Years' War soldiers had many opportunities of improving their French.)

Stil.—

Poin.—

Pist.—

Rap.—

Gar.—

} We, we !

Gorg.— Allons ! let us hie us to a hostelry.

Said the older Obadiah to the younger Obadiah.

"Obadiah," I am dryge.

Said the younger Obadiah to the older Obadiah,

"It is strange Obadiah, so am yge."

(Note.—"Dryge"—an Anglo-Saxon word meaning "dry.")

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Rear of Chianti's Palace.

(Enter Hals de Stempyr, followed by Ec-Zema.)

Hals— Where is your mistress, buxom wench ?

Ec-Zema—She's oot the noo.

Hals— Most ebonized of Scotia's daughters,
Tell me the truth ; here is a silver krone
To keep your mem'ry warm.

Ec-Zema—I pray you do resolve me, sir,
From taking siller bribes.

Hals— Then here's a brave gold guilden of
The purest Dutchest metal.

Ec-Zema—My noble benefactor, sure
This gen'rous act is too
Extravaganza.

Hals— Tut, tut—where is your mistress, wench ?

Ec-Zema—She's ben the hoose.

Hals— At what specific hour is she wont
For to retire ?

Ec-Zema—At ten, your ex.

- Hals*— It's now struck eight.
Tell her I'll come most car'fully
On her hour.
- Ec-Zema*—You'd need to, for
Her lord, the duke, gives her "good-night"
About that time.
- Hals*— Knave creature, know you not
That I'm a'bassador?
Fear not, for I will use diplomacy
To have him sand-bagged ere
The clock chaps nine. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

The Armoury.

(Enter Francisco.)

- Franc.*— Garlic!
- Garlic*— You called, my lord.
- Franc.*— Go to the 'pothecary at
The Via Con Amore;
Tell him I wait impatiently
The advent of his murd'rous face. (*Exit Garlic.*)
- (Sol.)*— O, rot this Gorgonzola and
His plans to 'bliterate
My faithful steward Gamba.
(*Enter Dopo.*)
- Dop.*— I lost no time to serve your grace.
- Franc.*— Cease babbling, putrid 'pothecaire,
And list to my commands.
Make me a 'coction drastic,
But refined;
One which will swiftly terminate
A life I have no use for.
- Dop.*— A lady?
- Franc.*— No, a gent; at least a knave,
Of foreign extrication.
- Dop.*— Is it your wish to deed the do yourself?
- Franc.*— I'd like to, but I have no skill
In 'min'stering sorc'rous herbs.
- Dop.*— Then why dissemble? Name your' quarry.
- Franc.*— The Count de Gorgonzola. (*Exeunt.*)

Little Devil Dought

379

ACT IV.—SCENE III.

A Back Street.—Second Dumb Show.

The Duke of Chianti is seen hurrying home to escape curfew. Six ruffians, wearing Hals de Stempyr's crest, step out of the shadow of a postern gate and attack the Duke, who is stunned six times with sand-bags. (Exeunt omnes, except the Duke.)

ACT IV.—SCENE IV.

The same Street.—Third Dumb Show.

The Duke becomes conscious, and slowly rises to his feet. He scratches his head, and wearily walks in the direction of home.

ACT IV.—SCENE V.

The Tennis Court.

(Enter Gamba and Pianola.)

Gam.— Are you happy, dear Piano ?

Pia.— I am all happiness in your love,
My own dear Gammey.

(Enter the five playboys, who creep in unobserved.)

Gam.— Little did I think when I was born
I'd live to see a day like this.

(The five brothers rush on Gamba and plunge their daggers into his body. Pianola swoons ; Gamba places her on a couch.)

Gam.— I was expecting this.

(He is wearing a non-sports jacket of steel.)

ACT IV.—SCENE VI.

My Lady's Bower.—Fiasco is reclining on a couch.—The bed is made.

(Enter Dopo.)

(Note.—Knocking at doors before entering was not invented until the reign of Queen Anne.)

Fias.— What brings you here, Doponius ?

Dop.— I've come with condiments,
The rarest in the land.

Fias.— For what, and why ?

Dop.— To make you up ; your lover,
Gorgonzola, comes to-night.

The Dublin Magazine

- Fias.*— Fie, fie ! Am I so ugly, then,
That I must use your flatt'ring condiments ?
(*Note.*—"Condiments" in this case is (or are) all wrong.)
Dop.— Marry, you misconstrue me, but
Your lips are pale and so's your face ;
A little rouge-et-noir will quite renew
The bloom of youth and beauty.
(*He paints her face with poison, unsparingly.*)
(*Exit by tradesmen's entrance.*)
-

ACT IV.—SCENE VII.

The same Bower.—*Fiasco* still reclining.—The click of ducats is heard without.

(*Enter Hals de Stempyr.*)

- Hals*— At last ! At last !
Fias.— Why all this conflux ?
Hals— O, brazen hussy of my dreams.
(*Note.*—Being a foreigner, he is ignorant of the niceties of the English language.)
Fias.— Avaunt ! satyrous reptile.
Hals— You love me not, nizpa ?
Fias.— Love you ? I hate the very colour of your breath.
Begone !
Hals— How beautiful she looks in anger ?
(*He forcibly feeds her with kisses.*)
Fias. (*wiping her mouth*)—
Saucy ambassador.
Hals (*falls back on the bed screaming*)—
Blitzen ! Hemmel und Gretchen !
Rosencrantz and Guildensteen !
Poisoned by —— (*spits out and dies*).
Fias.— Help !—a leech !
(*Enter Ec-Zema.*)
Ec-Zema—My benefactor deed ? (*Exit.*)
(*Enter two clowns with stretcher.*)
1st Clown—Where is the corp ?
Fias.— 'Tis here.
2nd Clown—Let's take him to the crowner.
1st Clown—No, brother, let us rather give him
Christian burial. (*Exeunt.*)

Little Devil Dought

381

ACT IV.—SCENE VIII.

The Bower once more.—Fiasco reclining.

(Enter Paulo.)

Fias.— Returned at last, my love, my all.

(Paulo lies on the rushes.)

What ails you, love ?

Paul.— I am gupwoerig, love.

Fias.— You're what ?

Paul.— I am war-weary, dearest.

Fias.— No wonder, dear.

(A long pause. Fiasco looks lovingly on her lover.)

Brave knight.

Paul.— Not so, my dear,

'Tis turned to rain.

Fias.— The same old joker. (She kisses h'm.)

Paul. (turning green)—

By my halidome, I'm dead.

(And so he is.)

Fias.— Help ! a leech !! a schurgeon !!!

(Enter two clowns with stretcher.)

1st Clown— Where is the corp ?

Fias.— 'Tis here.

2nd Clown— Let's take him to the crowner.

1st Clown— No, brother, let us rather give him
Christian burial.

(Enter Gorgonzola.)

Gorg.— O, go to blazes !

(Exeunt clowns with body.)

Fias.— What news ? Is Gamba dead ?

Gorg.— There's no such luck ; he's hard
To kill ; he wears a shirt of mail.

(Enter Francisco unobserved.)

But, never mind, come to my arms

The only Fiasco in the world (They embrace.)

Franc. (aside)— S'death, why did I leave my sword

Upon the hall-stand ? (Exit.)

Gorg.— Didst hear that, love ?—your master's voice.

They say that stolen joys are sweetest.

(He almost smothers her with kisses, then groans in pain.)

The Dublin Magazine

Poisoned ! The poison's on your lips.

(He kisses her again—feebly.)

The deed's done now ; another little kiss

Won't do us any harm. *(He groans.)*

O, the violences of women !

Why, they are creatures made up and compounded

Of all monsters, poisoned minerals

And sorcerous herbs that grow.

Fias.— I fear my love is fatal, dear.

Gorg.— You never said a truer word,
My dear Fiasco. *(He expires.)*

(Enter Francisco.)

Franc.— Galferhpus woman, stand aside

And see me perforate

That trait'rous knave.

Fias.— Too late, he is already claimed

By Father Time,

Or rather Death.

Franc.— No matter, I will kill him o'er again ;

I want his blood.

Fias.— Shame on you—ghowl !

Franc.— Trumpet !

Fias.— Cuckoo !

(She kisses Gorgonzola, and falls dead on his body.)

Franc.— Who saw them die ?

I said the fly, with my little eye,

I saw them die.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

The Alchemist's Shop.—Dopo is stuffing an alligator.

(Enter the five brothers en bloc.)

Stil.— Villain ! *(Draws.)*

Poin. Knave ! *(ditto.)*

Rap.— Scurvy leech ! *(ditto.)*

Gar.— Traitor ! *(ditto.)*

Pist.— Rapsallion ! *(ditto.)*

Dop.— Be not in such a temperature, my friends ;
Let me explain.

Stil.— How canst thou splain away
The death of Gorgonzola ?

Dop.— 'Tis very elemental, sirs ;
The job was done according to
Your father's specification.

(*Note.*—Weblowe at his worst.)

<i>Stil.</i> —	}	Throgmorten !
<i>Pist.</i> —		
<i>Rap.</i> —		
<i>Gar.</i> —		
<i>Poin.</i> —		

(*Note.*—A very indelicate old Saxone-Sorosis word.)

Dop.— Shame on you, gentlemen,
Unnatural stepsons
Of a noble sire,
To use such language.

Stil.— Explain our sainted mother's death.

Poin.— And that of Hals de Stempyr.

Rap.— And the noble Duke
Of Frescattati-atti.

Dop.— At the command of papa 'Frisco
I put a poisoned lotion on
Your mama's cheeks
So that her lover, Gorgonzola,
Might meet his due deserts.

Stil.— Our virtuous mother with a lover ?

Dop.— Not only one, but three, my friends ;
De Stempyr was a second one, and
Paulo made a third.

Stil.— So that our mother was a—courtesan ?

Dop.— 'Tis true ; here are the proofs.

(*Omnes brothers sheath their swords.*)

Stil.— Brothers, why waste our precious time ?
Let's haste and butcher Gamba.

Dop.— Most noble sirs, say but the word
And I will *poison* Gamba.
Nay more, I'll poison pa and sister, too,
If it be to your liking.

Stil.— 'Tis Gamba only that we wish despatch'd
At present.

Rap.— What is your recompense ?

Dop.— A thousand ducats.

Poin.— I'm feared it is beyond our means.

Dop.— An I.O.U. will satisfy my
Just demands.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

The Dublin Magazine

ACT V.—SCENE II.

The Betrothal Feast.

(Enter the Duke of Chianti with Pianola on his arm, followed by Gamba, ladies, courtiers, beefeaters, winebibers, etc.)

(Flourish.)

Franc.— Where is my seat ?

Servitor—Yours, my lord, is number one.

Franc.— 'Tis meet it should be so.

Serv.— And onions—if I may say so, noble sir.

(Franc. sits ; the others follow suit.)

Stil. *(aside)*— Are we brothers all assembled ?

Pist. *(aside)*—And vouched for, everyone.

Stil. *(aside)*—Has the druggist yet arrived ?

Pist. *(aside)*—He has not, brother.

Stil. *(aside)*—There's no excuse, the day is We'nesday.

Pist. *(aside)*—I had my doubts, and so, with having them,
I chartered ruffians five to crack
The skull of Gamba.

Stil. *(aside)*—Hush ! Our father speaks.

(Franc. says grace in dumb show.)

(Enter five murderers on tip-toe, hat in hand.)

1st Murderer—Which is the bloighter we have got
To snicker snee ?

2nd Mur.— I'm not quite sure ; methinks it is the old un.

3rd Mur.— No, it is the young one, him with the am'rous eyes.

4th Mur.— We'll do them both in, then you see
There can be no mistake.

5th Mur.— Well said, old sport—
Ive partner.

(The murderers kill Franc. and Gamba.) *(Exeunt murderers.)*

(Pianola falls in a swoon.)

(Some prudish ladies leave the room.)

(Enter Dopo.)

Dopo— This is a bloody, clumsy business.

(Enter varlet with a soup tureen.)

Fetch me that soup, dull knave.

(He measures out a half-pint of poison and pours it unostentatiously into the soup.)

On with the meal, let joy be unconfined.

(Omnes partake of the soup.)

Little Devil Dought

385

Omnes— I am poisoned! (*Omnes die.*)

(*Pianola recovers from her swoon.*)

Pianola— This is your work, *Dopo Doponius*;

I see it in your gloating eyes.

Fiend! Are you the devil incarnate?

Dop.— Ha, ha!—ha, ha! (*Exit.*)

(*He re-enters quickly, his disguise discarded. He has horns and cloven feet. A long tail protrudes from his hip pocket.*)

Dop.— Here comes I, Little Devil Dought;
If ye don't give me monie I'll sweepe ye
All out.

The Design of Dublin.

By J. F. MacCABE, M.A. (Dubl.).

(*Concluded.*)

THE vexed question of location of the General Post Office in Dublin has recently been publicly discussed. A valuable contribution to the discussion was the statement, by a Post Office official, that if one wanted to know where the Post Office should be built, the proper thing to do was to ask the Post Office authorities. That statement combines with the negation of all Town Planning, a claim to omniscience. In the situation of a General Post Office are involved many problems—street traffic, railway questions, the carriage of over-sea mails, and the smooth working of modern business, which depends greatly upon correspondence. Indeed, the locality of the Dublin General Post Office might easily determine the route of the American mails to and from England, and, further, a wise selection of site could have vital influence in the creation of a terminal port on the West coast of Ireland. With modern fast liners, the saving of even one hour is often of paramount import in inter-Continental communication. But the Departmental view is always apt to be rather one-eyed. The Town Planner requires as many mental eyes as Argus.

The fact that the area of the City of Dublin should be extended has not been disputed for years past. It has been admitted that amalgamations (complete or partial) of some, at least, of the townships should be brought about, and that certain rural areas of residential character be placed under the control of adjacent urban authorities.

But almost any definite proposal evokes strenuous opposition. The scheme to include all the townships and the whole of rural Dublin within the city bounds will be fought line by line. The Corporation has been given a bad name, and the ratepayers' nerves are hard to soothe after years of shaking. The ratepayers know (only dimly, unfortunately) of that heritage of woe, the Dublin slum problem, and fear to be involved in its ending or mending. If these matters could be discussed in a philosophic vacuum, instead of in the rather dense and highly-charged atmosphere of Dublin, detached decisions could be reached. Dublin being the headquarters of administration, the Connemara peasant is taxed for Dublin purposes, and as the slum inhabitants of the metropolis are largely descendants of refugees from rural parts of Ireland, it might be argued that expenditure on Dublin housing is properly a national, and not a local, charge. All the more easily could it be contended that the villa-dweller in Foxrock owes much to the Port of Dublin, and that

the housing of the men who work the shipping is a responsibility in which he is implicated. Every new road and every improvement in existing roads brings the centre of the city nearer to the slopes of the Dublin mountains; nevertheless, it is important to bear in mind that divorce of town and country is an evil remnant of the industrial system, and injures the interests of both. It is hard not to believe that the due representation of all interests in the Dublin area would not be of universal benefit. The walls of old Dublin are gone, save for a few yards of masonry carefully preserved, but their shadows still linger on the minds of many people. The extent of the county called Dublin has, in effect, shrunk, and will shrink still further. How far off in mileage will the future suburbs be, no one really knows. The old city is a rather drab area with a bad climate; a distinctly dull centre of the circular sweep of that beautiful bay which extends from Howth to Bray. That circular sweep, joined with its rural hinterland, is the real city of the future. Who should administer it, and how it should be administered, are matters now set down for judgment before a competent tribunal. It is easy to point out diversities of interests between the present independent authorities, but, on analysis, these are accidental rather than fundamental. They have been modified by the passing years, and the process of modification is bound to continue. There are common interests, moreover, in existence, which the passage of time will accentuate rather than diminish. Transit, which is the key to the whole problem; poor relief, from which we never can escape, and the sewage disposal question are obvious examples. The famous Dublin Bay is a common interest and possession, and the discharge of untreated sewage into it is already causing damage to health and property values. Unless the question is tackled on an extensive scale, and the problem viewed as one of universal responsibility, the bay may become something like the Liffey was within our own memories.

It is impossible to write or think about Dublin without mentioning its terrible slums. Whether Dublin presents the worst problem in all western Europe is still disputed. Just before the great war the O'Connor Commission reported a deplorable state of affairs. More than twenty thousand families were living in one-room tenements! What chance had their children? The survivors of those children, grown up in tumultuous times, are now adults. Yet people are surprised that strikes and "gun-men" exist! And still the slums are here, and still the children are brought up in the same physical, though obviously worse moral, surroundings.

Mr. C. H. O'Connor mercilessly exposed our Dublin sore. He diagnosed the nature and extent of the trouble, and diagnosis should be preliminary to remedy. But what has happened? Hardly anything at all, except that the statistics of the Commission he presided over are quoted and re-quoted by every public speaker and writer on the subject. Even these ten-year-old figures have not been adequately re-checked, and the slums have been made worse by the closing of tenement houses

likely to fall, whilst those that remain open are, by consequence, more overcrowded than ever. Of the remedy no man can confidently speak. The beginning might be the sequestration of all property under a certain standard of sanitary merit. There is nothing new in this suggestion. It is a main provision of the earliest important Housing Act. Owners and others would lose their profit rents. But a mad dog is killed, and even that afflicted creature never committed the deadly sin of oppression of the poor. The war-made name, "profiteer," should not, in common fairness, include the class who live on the souls as well as on the bodies of their victims.

To provide even ten thousand houses in a reasonable period would be a gigantic physical and financial effort for Dublin in these straitened times. How can it be done? With all-round goodwill, the difficulties are still enormous. Shortage of skilled labour is as marked here as in England. Our, and our neighbours', working classes can only be housed by the one method called "mass production," that is, repetition work—the use of factory and all the other methods such as culminated in that modern marvel, the Ford motor car. There is nothing new in the idea—anything with good in it is seldom novel. In England, and in Europe generally, the idea that the production of houses should be attempted on the same lines as other essential commodities of life was adumbrated years ago, and attempted on modest lines. As the clash of war necessitated the most unexpected men and factories devoting their attention to the making of guns and shells, so have the really more stringent conditions of peace compelled us all, in our various conditions and orders, to turn our thoughts to filling up the terrible gaps in housing accommodation. Great English ingenuity spent itself in patents and the like, soon to discover that what was really required was a machine and factory produced house, the parts of which are made, sent away to the site, and assembled practically whilst the tenant waits. The idea is that the house be made in a factory, put on a lorry, and, on arrival at the prepared site, simply screwed together. A fantastic idea, perhaps, but it is the only practical and financially possible way of dealing with the housing shortage, which is not at all peculiar to Dublin, or, indeed, to Ireland. In some ways our Irish problems are lighter than those of other countries.

What led to the appointment of the O'Connor Commission was the collapse of certain tenement houses in Church Street, with fatal results to some of the occupants. Perhaps it will require a series of such catastrophes to re-awaken the public conscience. How numbers of the old tenement houses manage to stand up is a mystery which baffles every student of the morbid anatomy of old buildings. Every day the vibration of the heavy motor lorries undermines what little strength is left in these ancient edifices. Yet they do not fall. How long will this stress-strain miracle continue?

It cannot be disputed that new methods of building must be adopted here and elsewhere to meet the housing shortage. But anything new

will meet with bitter opposition from vested interests. Whether the master builders or their employes will be the first to take up the challenge is a matter for speculation. The former are unimportant, but the latter's probable attitude produces gloomy forebodings. If the limit-of-output theory is to prevail, we may despair of modern civilisation when working at our most elemental need: shelter for a man and his family. The grievance of the labourer (skilled and unskilled) in the building trade is that he has always been the sport of the season, the weather, and even of politics. The Finance Act of 1909 did more to casualize the building trade than any other single factor, and the making of any employment partake of a casual nature must result eventually in inefficiency and trouble. If the guild system could be revived, there would be a chance of return to the tranquillity of the Middle Ages, which produced the craftsmen-builders of the great cathedrals. Their art is imitated now, though not too well. Why not, then, copy their industrial methods also? It is an abominable thing that a good worker walks on to his job, and because it rains or freezes he has to walk home again, unremunerated; circumstances beyond his control having taken his day's work and pay from him.

It is true that the attempts made in England with Building Guilds have not met with success. Possibly the reason is that the attempts were too ambitious. The most admirably conceived guild scheme on paper may, in practice, break down. How can a guild secure business and organising ability? It would seem as if this were a product of individualism only. But without even partial decasualization of building labour, it is hopeless to attack our big housing problem. Of course, the factory-made house will lead to the birth of a new trade—that of the house assemblers. It is to be hoped no new Trade Union will arise, but preferably a guild, spiritual, rather than material, in its conception.

It is open to the people of Dublin to make of their city whatever they like. For the first time we cannot put the blame on someone else, or shelve the problem, pending the passing of Home Rule, or any other enactment. The question is a big one, and bristles with difficulties. Its satisfactory solution demands two things—clear thinking and hard work. There can be no short cut to success. The public cannot expect to get more out of this (or any Commission) than is put into it. Laborious effort in the making of civic and other surveys is the first essential. Witnesses with ready-made solutions and formulae are a particular danger—they present the partial, or sectional, view only. Further, the exploration of public psychology is as essential as the ascertaining of physical facts. By those of us who have spent our best years in Irish local government administration, suggestions to set up a huge and complicated central administration, controlling, absolutely, a large area, are looked upon with a dubious eye. The complicated and slow-working type of Act of Parliament does not flourish in Ireland. One could divide the various Acts of the past into three categories—those that worked really well, those that were fairly satisfactory, and those that were a positive nuisance and

hindrance. The first category comprised Acts which were of home manufacture ; that is to say, drafted by Irishmen who knew all about the problem they were tackling. The outstanding example of this is, perhaps, what is known as the "Clancy Act" : the Irish Housing Act of 1908. All parts of the country availed themselves of that Act, and houses sprang up as if by magic. The secret was that the Act worked simply and quickly. Delay seems to discourage the Irish mind. The Clancy Act was only an urban adaptation of the Labourers Act of 1906. The supreme merit of that great Act was the courageous stroke which transferred to an individual practically all the powers with regard to the acquisition of land which were formerly vested in Imperial Parliament itself, and that individual was stringently compelled to work quickly.

It is very doubtful to what extent improved transit facilities will modify that marked insularity which is so characteristic of the various districts of Dublin. The desire to be let alone and go one's own way is not an unhealthy sign in any community, provided it is not carried too far. Motor traffic and roads specially improved and adapted thereunto are not unmixed blessings, as anyone realises who finds the remote beauty-spots of North Wales inundated with charabancs. Motor traffic is a tricky problem, in that it may grow and grow, still remaining quite manageable, till suddenly, with little further increase, comes hopeless congestion. Already in Dublin our side-streets are being used as " parking grounds " to an inconvenient extent. What would happen if the number of motor cars were doubled ? In certain parts of London the man in a hurry walks. He cannot afford time to motor to his destination. It should be remembered that a succession of " bottle-necks " produces less inconvenience than a single one. The latter produces an acute traffic jam ; in the former case the stress is distributed.

The scope of this article is necessarily general. Definite plans can only be produced as the fruit of lengthy, patient, and thorough examination and survey ; each factor must be studied, and all co-ordinated. A big task lies before the people of Dublin, and the sooner this is realised by the lovers of the old city, the better it will be for the historic capital. Dublin is in danger. The period of inaction must, somehow, be made up for. During eight years the city was a scene of dreadful happenings. Dublin has lost many citizens of a type which could ill be spared. The streets are shabby, and the standard of public manners has fallen markedly. These facts are unpleasant, but unmistakable. It is more than barely possible that the centre of civic and commercial gravity may move rapidly southwards. A Southern Borough is already talked about, and an extremely strong case could be made out for its institution. Then the Port might also find a rival growing up to the east. The word *fruit* was written of another city. If it ever describes our capital, a generation not worthy of Dublin will alone be to blame.



T. C. MURRAY.

From a Drawing

By

PHILIP NAVIASKY.

(In the Collection of Joseph Holloway, Esq.)

The Dramatic Art of Mr. T. C. Murray.

By DOROTHY MACARDLE.

THE drama of the theatre, so rich and urgent a growth two decades ago in Ireland, seems to have been overborne latterly by the drama of life. The stern tragedy of these years has caught up the young dramatist—called him out to play a part, maybe, instead of writing one, leaving *The Singer* * or *The Revolutionist* † unfinished, that he might go himself those imagined ways to death; or it has repelled him and withered his pleasure in art, or it has blinded him, spoilt his vision of Ireland, the loud conflict of nations drowning his sense of the struggles and loves and tragedies of individual souls.

It was the more heartening, therefore, to see, at the Abbey Theatre, Mr. Murray's fine and mellow play, *Autumn Fire*.

Here, unshattered by war, is the vision of those poets and dramatists who have made modern Ireland understood. It is the Ireland of Synge and Lady Gregory and Padraic Colum, where the people suffer the penalties of human existence, unconscious of far-off causes, unconcerned with revolution, having "troubles enough of their own," caring little for what happens beyond the fences of their own poor, desperately-loved and threatened homes.

A great epoch is marked in the history of literature and the history of nationality whenever the writers of a country first discover themes of art and poetry and drama in their own and their neighbours' lives. In the Ireland of our own generation this re-discovery came as a new thing.

A dramatic society in Cork produced in one night plays by three young writers—Daniel Corkery, Lennox Robinson, and T. C. Murray. Mr. Murray's was called *The Wheel of Fortune*: it was re-written later as his comedy, *Sovereign Love*.

To Lennox Robinson's *Cross-Roads* he attributes his first realisation of the tragic drama that is in the people's lives; to Synge the discovery of the power and beauty of their English moulded on the Gaelic phrase.

From any little incident, then, of the country schoolmaster's day, from a meeting with a neighbour or talk overheard at a fair, themes of drama would rise in his mind. For the mind of the born dramatist divines from a glimpse far-off causes and deep-hidden motives, comprehends the inarticulate tensions of a situation, realises what conflicts, what emotions, what calamities a little happening may bring forth.

"My son is coming home from Maynooth; he won't go on to the priesthood," a stricken father said, and that poignant tragedy, *Maurice*

* By Padraic Pearse.

† By Terence MacSwiney.

Harte, was born. One Sunday he heard a girl denounced from the altar : " If there is any unfortunate girl listening," he thought, " with a secret like that . . ." Her father had pleaded with the priest :

" 'Twill be the death of me, says Owen Hugh, and the two eyes of him red with the crying, if you talk o' my little girl and the shame that's come upon her from the altar of God to-morrow morning."

The words are in Joan's terrified appeal to her lover in *The Briery Gap*—a tragedy in one tense, passionate act, swept through by sunshine and flood and storm.

Mr. Murray's themes are, like the themes of all literature that can hope to live, universal as humanity. The longings and impulses and agonies that make up his stories make up, too, the stories of Shakespeare and Hugo and Turgenev. But the setting, like the setting of nearly all good art, is of the country which the artist loves best ; it is intensely national : nowhere but in Ireland do the forces of life cut just those channels, or characters react to circumstance in just those ways.

" A cold place it was, surely—a cold, poor place, with more o' the rock an' the briar an' the sour weed than the sweet grass. . . . An' who blasted every rock that was in it ? . . . An' who rooted out the briars an' often tore 'em out with his own two living hands ? . . . An' who drained the western field that was little better than a bog ? "

There may be farms on naked mountains the world over, but that is an Irish farm.

In many of these tragedies the consuming passion is the land-hunger of the Irish—the craving of an outcast and plundered people to hold or regain the little patch of native earth that should be their own. It is a motive in *The Briery Gap* and *Birthright*, the whole source of calamity in *Aftermath*.

The sorrows that loom over the Irish people from birth to death—loveless marriage for the daughters, care and toil for the elder, exile for the younger sons, bitter years of drudgery for the mother, the bleak, cold poorhouse for old age—these are the matter of his tragedy ; the insuppressible, upspringing claim of each new generation to free, sweet, natural life, wrestling with that poverty, and broken, makes the conflict in nearly all his plays. Always his impulse seems, like Galworthy's, to be pity : with him it is pity for youth, hindered and thwarted by worn-out age, and for age, denied its last poor dream of happiness by thwarted, embittered youth.

Always, in Mr. Murray's tragedy, there is a light that saves his art from gloom or sordidness, a deep sense of the sweetness of unspoiled life. It is in his conception of the nature of the people—in the wise, loving patience of the mothers, the bravery of the sons, the trustful kindness of the old men ; it is in the imaginative vigour they bring to life, their quick pleasure in natural beauty, their love for one another, their trust in God. There are no villains in his plays.

The Dramatic Art of Mr. T. C. Murray 395

And out of the beautiful ways of thought of these people springs their beautiful way of speech—fresh, visual, heartfelt, strong. There is no speech for tragedy like this Irish-English, because for tenderness and emphasis and long, brooding sorrow there is none. Synge used it extravagantly; it is simpler and no less beautiful in Mr. Murray's hands, whether in contemplative monologues full of drowsy music or in quick, brief retorts full of wit. *Aftermath*, in which the characters are school-teachers, and do not use dialect, is the least moving and revealing of his plays.

Out of character, its crude, reckless strength and its human weakness, is born the catastrophe of all these plays. They mount to their climax with a sure, tense, quiet movement which is the distinction of Mr. Murray's technique—small, irrelevant causes combining with the inevitable consequences of human action, to the terrible, half-foreseen end.

A few easy touches, in *Birtheright*, reveal and place the four characters—Bat Morrissey, a slave, body and soul, to his farm; Shane, the industrious son after his heart; the suffering, wistful mother, and Hugh, her eldest boy, the sun of her dark world, brave, imaginative, and kind. The farm is Hugh's birthright: it can keep only one son: Shane is going to the States.

The opening is darkened with the father's lowering bitterness and grief. It is gall to him to lose Shane: his resentment against Hugh is accumulating, waiting to break. The mother has a heavy dread on her heart. A day and night of necessary, trivial happenings, an unfortunate accident or two—the everyday events of a farmer's life—and we know the outbreak cannot be long delayed. Suspense gives way only to a suspense more dreadful, until at last the father acts. He makes Shane write Hugh's name instead of his own on the traveller's trunk.

Hugh's return, exhausted, late at night, while Shane and his father are tending a calf outside, the mother's frightened efforts to prevent an encounter, bring us to the inevitable moment—Hugh's discovery of his own name on the trunk. The ancient, racial loathing of the sin of land-grabbing surges up in him.

"Shane that wrote it! Shane! How could he do it? The miserable cur! 'Tis only like him. A grabber—a mean, low grabber! Oh, such a piece of treachery! I could—yes, by God! I could choke the mean soul out of him this minute!"

At this minute Shane comes in to the dark room. But not yet is the end. The dramatist wastes no chance of heightening the tension: he exploits the situation to the full. With the mother's desperate pleading, Hugh's strong self-control, Shane's outburst of long-pent resentment against his mother for her favouritism to Hugh, the conflict fluctuates, until, suddenly, all control is broken, Hugh lies dead on the floor, and Shane flings out into the darkness, accursed with the curse of Cain.

In *Spring*, too, the thunder is brooding from the opening in the care-fretted wife's bitter mood over the gentle, lovable old man who is

passing the last of his life under his son's roof, happy in the companionship of the children, joyous at heart for the stir of spring that is in the earth, "thankful to be let live and look up at the sun." It is a series of little miseries that suddenly breaks down the endurance of drudging years. Credit has been refused her in the town for a bit of flour; the wheel came off the cart; there was a long delay at the forge; the old man, when she comes home, has let the fire out; a lamb has been hurt and dies. Her husband rebukes her, too, for a bitter word. It is too much: self-pity overwhelms her at last.

"Look at me!" she cries out to her husband.

"Look! I came into this house o' yours a little strip of a girl fresh from school—and look at me at forty! Look at me! An old woman, bitter and worn and sick of everything. . . . Seven young children to be reared, and not as much as a brown penny to spare!"

She condemns the old man to the poorhouse, and he consents, with a forgiving sympathy, to go:

"Once you were kind, and it's only the black poverty and not yourself that is driving me from this roof to-morrow. . . . 'Tis hard set ye are, indeed, and 'tis long ago I should have gathered myself out o' this. But the roots o' the tree grow deep in eighty years."

But the news comes suddenly of the Old Age Pension Act, and it is of joy the old man dies. The whole play is more full of warmth and gentleness than of harshness; its atmosphere is sunlit and fresh and fragrant as a winter day pierced by a gleam of spring. It is a poet's play.

Mr. Murray has gathered up all his art and all his wise understanding of humanity into *Autumn Fire*. Here, again, is a study of embittered youth refusing the joy of life to its elder, and here, again, is the poignant sense of contrast which makes the pathos of these plays so strong.

"Tell me, Nance Desmond"—Owen Keegan appeals, in the first act, against his own daughter's scorn.

"Is it a foolish thing for a man, and the Lord to give him strength and spirit, to swing a hurley now and again and to feel a great rush o' joy an' life an' he sending the ball whistling through the air?"

And in the third act, when young Nance is his wife, and life should begin again for him, he is stricken down with illness, a pitiful wreck:

"I'm not the same," he says sadly to Morgan, his old brother.

"Up there in the stillness of the long day I do be listening to the humming and droning of the bees in the garden, and watching the swallows flying past the window, or hearing the cows gadding in the heat and they making a little boom of thunder with their hoofs on the sod, and myself in the little room under the roof, no better than a breathing corpse."

Yet peace and content are in Owen's heart—pride in his good son and almost incredulous wonder at the love and radiance of his own young wife.

The Dramatic Art of Mr. T. C. Murray 397

Then comes one of the greatest scenes ever acted on the Abbey stage—and it was greatly played. Old Morgan, in mere heedlessness, and Ellen, the daughter, out of her jealous pain, drop into Owen's mind the fiery poison of suspicion that turns his love and trust to agony.

It is their farewell kiss that he sees later between Michael and Nance, but how is he to know that? Michael is driven out into the night; Nance, not harshly, is sent, weeping and piteous, to her bed; the old man sits alone in the darkness, by a dead fire, waiting for death.

We blame nobody. Ellen's bitterness is the result of a sad inheritance from her mother and a sore wound in her first love. Michael and Nance were helpless in the storm of their youth. "What were we but straws dragged into a whirl and wrestling in our souls against it?"

It is an echo of poor Joan's cry in *The Briery Gap*: "I was no more than a straw in the wind."

Joan, the woman of the dramatist's youth, drowns herself in the flood, but Nance, the woman of his maturity, lives on, confronting desolate years. "To live is to suffer, God help us, and I'm satisfied."

Mr. Murray's drama is criticism of life, and it is criticism of the life of Ireland. It is full of the wide wisdom and deep insight of poets who, because of their understanding, create revolutions in men's hearts, and who are called, because of that great power, "the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

"To live is to suffer," all his tragedies proclaim; but then, too, to suffer is to live. And life has something in it, among his people, so generous and kind and noble—Ireland, for all her sorrow, is so beautiful, that to live, after all, is worth while.

Note.—*Autumn Fire*, Mr. T. C. Murray's new play, was performed for the first time at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, on Monday, September 8th, 1924, with Miss Sara Allgood as Ellen; Mr. J. Dolan as Owen Keegan; Mr. Arthur Shields as Michael, and Miss Eileen Crowe as Nance.

A Dialogue.

By MAURICE WALSH.

IRISHMAN though I be, and unregenerate Irishman at that, I must admit my admiration for you English. In your company, my host, I can give my mind a rest. You are a simple people, your thoughts near the surface and at no pains to hide your likes and your dislikes—it may be that you cannot. An accommodating people, too, yet with no hide-bound traditions of the tyrant courtesy—making acquaintance easily, but, the moment the acquaintance irks, showing the irk so unmistakably that the cause dare not to ignore it. Friendship you are ever ready to give, too—an open and easy friendship that places no obligation on the giver. . . .

You see, my good host, knowing the breed, I know you too—the whole straight line of your mind—though I have been under your roof not more than a fortnight. Never fear I shall know to take myself off before outstaying my welcome. I need but to look in your eyes, note the tone of your voice, listen to how you drink your beer. . . . Am I not right? Now, with my own countrymen I am for ever trying to read riddles. I say *countrymen*, you note. Woman I do not take into account. Woman, being a biological excuse, does not differ in any clime or in any age. Greece had her Helen, Egypt her Cleopatra, Ireland her Deirdre, and you had—well, there was Victoria. . . .

That should be abundantly clear. Men decide the calibre of a nation, and we Irishmen are, every one of us, John Splendids. You have read that fine study by Neil Munro, and may remember that Splendid would lie, would provide one with subtle excuses, would sacrifice himself and his cause rather than hurt the pride of his chief, his friend, the woman that he must have loved. He was a Scot, too, and you English, judging by the surface, think that at bottom the Scot is false. But look at it in this way. . . .

Have you ever considered all that? Consider, then, us Irish, who keep our minds hidden behind our tongues. Even ourselves, we do not understand each other. We are for ever groping at the other man's mind, and cloaking our own with words, speeches, protestations, good manners, traditions of courtesy. Meet even a beggarman on the road and put him a simple question, and forthwith the nimble mind of that beggar will seek through all its convolutions to get at the thought that was in your mind when you put the question, and at the end he will give you the answer that you looked for—and no one knows better than he knows that that answer has mostly no relation to the truth. You men of the simple mind do not know where to have us. You call us hypocrites when we are only complex. You call us liars when we are merely

courteous. But to you English we are neither liars nor hypocrites—it is only in dealing with each other that we are these things. Let me make that clear. . . .

I see you scarcely follow me. Never mind. It is probable that our codes of courtesy came out of the East with our forefathers, while yours you developed for yourself, seeing that your Nordic forbears had none. An acquaintance of mine, who spent some years in Kabul, tells me that the people of that place have a saying to the effect that a guest is a guest but for three days. After that it is up to the guest to save his own windpipe. We Irishmen might trace the development of our social code from that rather crude beginning. . . .

You will grant there are no flaws in that process of thought. Still, I know only one Western people that have at last brought courtesy to its supreme bounds. I mean the Spanish. Yes, I have been to Spain. Last year it was. Cunningham Graham I had read, of course, but I had no particular desire to see a more or less undressed senora dance the tango in an obscure posada at Madrid. I am afraid that Cunningham Graham, for all that he is a Scot, sometimes wrote for the Anglo-Saxon. You straightforward, surface people do not look beyond the obvious—the tango, the bullfight, the little sexual appeals and satisfactions. You see what I mean. . . . For myself, I was rather intrigued by certain writings of Arthur Symons. He seemed to know his Spain and his Spaniards, and yet I was not too sure. In his studies of our own Gael of Connacht he is but the plain Anglo-Saxon trying to understand a—well, a higher race—and not succeeding very well. . . .

All that is evident. And so I had the disturbing thought that he might have missed the subtle traits that are the base of the Spanish character. That is what moved me Spainwards. And yet I am none too certain. I must admit the influence of a certain obscure book I picked up on the Dublin Quays. It was named *A Companion in the Sierra*, and concerned a petty civil servant of Madrid who, tired of the sameness of his work and the carping selfishness of his women, purchased a donkey and went awandering in the byways. The donkey was the companion, and had certainly the better of the venture; for while the poor, futile pendriver lost his head and his life, the donkey went on enjoying the thistles. I too, purchased me a donkey, and that is a thing no self-respecting Englishman would do for certain obvious reasons, . . . quite obvious, of course.

I may as well admit that my donkey got none the worse of our venture. I picked him up in the village of San Quebrado, north of Seville—mouse-coloured gelding with a black nose, a black cross on his back, and a mild, introspective eye. A wise beast, the ass! Full of thought, reasoning out his own philosophy of stoicism, adopting the cloak of stupidity for his own ends. You may consider him proverbially dense, but . . .

All that is so, and it was so with my donkey. The second day out he unshipped me, who fancied myself master in the art of donkey-riding. All Irishmen of country breeding are. But, then, the Irish donkey is

a shaggy beast, giving a fine fore-and-aft grip, and has to employ stone walls and whitethorn bushes in the struggle with his co-equal, the urchin. My gelding, very abruptly, put me over his head and on mine on a dusty road below the mountains of Guadalupe. I was on my way to the town of Toledo, where it sits on its windy crags above its arid plain, there to compare my impressions of El Greco with those of Arthur Symons. From a certain formalism of the great artist, combined with his livid flesh tints and strange light effects, Symons built up some theory of madness that I was beginning to doubt. I could not, for many reasons, which I will put to you, imagine any cultured—merely cultured British dilettante seeing very deeply into the reflex efforts of El Greco. . . .

That is how it looked to me, and so I wanted to see for myself. I never got to Toledo. I was craning to look over a ragged palmetto hedge in the green bottom of a valley at a fine old white house, heavy-shuttered, window-barred, subduedly mysterious, when my donkey, having arrived at his conclusions, dropped his mild head and lifted his unprincipled heels

When I came to myself I was lying on a big-four poster bed in a big low-ceilinged room of the house I had been admiring. And—would you credit me?—I stayed thirty-nine days with the people of that house. Bucked off a donkey at their door and more than bother to them for thirty-nine days! It might easily have been ninety-nine.

I was not particularly incapacitated by my spill. An Irishman's head is thicker than an Englishman's, though his skin may be thinner. For a day or two I suffered from a stiff neck and a bruised shoulder, but these do not begin to explain my prolonged stay. I cannot adequately explain it myself, though I will try. Remember, I was an honoured guest in the full meaning of the term. They were almost ridiculously selfish in their desire to hold me, and it required a display of bad manners entirely beyond any Irishman to spurn their hospitality by leaving it. . . .

I can make it no clearer to you. The name of that family was Garcilaso de Molina, and it was quite simply proud of being in the direct line of descent from the half-great Diego Hurtado de Mendoza. The household consisted of old Don Garcilaso, his four grown sons, and an ancient duenna aunt. A simple, proud people were they, with numberless traditions, no education worth while, but with a culture infinitely outside the scope of any education. It is only you English, and, perhaps, the Doric Scotch, that think Education will hide the Barbarian. How can it? . . .

You must agree with me. And so you will understand that my hosts did not need any education. Quite simply and without effort they were gentlemen in the ideal meaning of the term, and quite naturally accepted me as one. Yet, though perhaps, because they were gentlemen and thirled to the pride of race, they were poor in the world's goods. A little herbage in the hills, a fair-sized vineyard on the sunny and sandy side of the valley, a few pesetas that went from wine season to wine season—

what more was needed in the name of God and the Mother of God? The old Don, tall and white-haired, and his four sons, tall and swarthy, did all the work there was to do, and wisely made work their servant, not their tyrant. You English regard work as neither tyrant nor servant. You have created your God out of the torture that the Jehovah inflicted on Adam. . . .

Of course! And so I was at one with my hosts in avoiding the exertion that brings sweat to the brow in a land where the sweat flows easily. Moreover, it was the slack season of the year, a little before the ripening of the grape, and we men had little to do but visit the friendly wine-cellars up and down the long valley. The old duenna never left the cool, dark chambers of the house, and was forever creating those rare, spicy, garlic-touched, oil-drenched Spanish stews.

At first—for a day or two days, or it might be three days—I could not get rid of the idea that the courtesy, hospitality, good-manners of the Garcilasos were merely the rigid conventions of ten-score generations, and bore no relation to their actual feelings, as might be the case in my own country or the Highlands. But presently, and with growing certainty, I became assured that there was a genuineness in their liking for me and a hearty warmth in its manifestation. I knew the language with some thoroughness, and was soon at home with their local idioms, and though, as you know, I am not much of a talker for talkings sake—except, of course, in congenial company and on a congenial subject—And here I might say that if you English have a fault it is in your over-readiness to blunder into speech, in the obligation you feel to keep the talk from flagging when there is nothing to talk about. . . .

Something in that, you will admit. But in that primitive *Estada* there was, to me, most congenial company and subjects most congenial. Whilst decrying the honour, I found myself in the post of oracle. The exaltation was natural enough. To these sequestered people, a man of the world, who had rubbed shoulders with men and strange events beyond all imagined horizons, was a man of very great authority. Believe me, I found myself taking charge of that household as the days went on, and had my stay been but a little longer, I would have brought off a wedding in that den of bachelors. I could never quite understand how none of those four strong men had sought or found a mate. When I raised the subject I found them disinclined to discuss it. Like all men who escape the call of sex during early manhood, they had encased themselves in the shell of bachelordom, and some outside agency was required to break through to the sleeping appeal. I neglected no opportunity of enlarging on the subject, for I felt it my duty to bring about the continuance of that fine breed. They were difficult to draw. The most they would allow, with little smiles of diffidence, was that in ten years or fifteen years they would choose a wife for the youngest son—already a man of thirty. Kin as I was to them in breed, I could never altogether grasp their reason for that postponement. To you, though I will try to explain, it will appear

ridiculous, for it lay in some subtle folds of the character outside the reaches of the Nordic sense. . . .

I see you are in the dark. Let it go. Anyhow, before I left I had their promise that they would see to the, to them, difficult business of marriage on my next visit. Yes! I am going back this year—as soon as I can get away from you. Really, my host, you must not allow me to saddle myself on you much longer. Another week or two weeks—certainly not more than three weeks—and you must show that you are weary of me. You really must. You know, I am coming to think that you English are developing a capacity for lasting friendships—and yet . . .

That should be clear. But never mind. With my hidalgo hosts there was an infinite capacity for friendship—given a worthy recipient. Never did I notice the least sign of weariness of me or my talk. Silent as I usually am, I must have talked immensely, for often in the stillness after midnight I stumbled bedwards with a husky throat. And yet I am not sure. I fear this throat of mine needs attention, for during the past week or two I find myself with a husky throat of nights—though we have not talked a great deal. You may notice that I have just said that I used stumble bedwards. Stumbled is the word. The wine of that country is a heady wine, and we sampled every cellar up and down that long valley. All the many white houses strung thinly along the trickle of water in the valley bottom had cool stone cellars, furnished with cobwebbed wooden stands, whereon rested tall earthen jars, wherein matured the brown country wines. We used sit on the wooden stands in the dim light of a wax candle and listen to the spigots trickle with little thin music into tall thin glasses, and, with the requisite ceremonies, we used discuss the qualities of the matured wine and the promise of the maturing wine. The jars were without covers, and the deep, luminous, black surface of the wine was scattered with little stars of cobweb, and petals of wings, and such flotsam. I was never done protesting against these defilements, more particularly as no one could give any scientific reason in support of uncovered jars. Indeed, science points the other way, as I took pains to explain. I made some close lids for Don Garcilaso's store, and this season I hope to prove some theories of mine. Take acidity, for instance

I am confident of that. Still we must not forget that old peoples are desperately slow in changing even the most doubtful custom. There you English have the advantage of us, for at this moment I cannot call to mind any single custom of yours. You have none, it may be . . .

I stayed thirty-nine days at Don Garcilaso's, but if I had not been recalled to Dublin by wire I might be there now. I was treated as something extremely precious. I could not take a daunder in the hills but one or two of the sons accompanied me, for there was rumour of brigandage and holding to ransom. They were, indeed, lovely hills—just the sort that Shaw describes as distinguished or elegant or something equally

inadequate in his *Man and Superman*. Shaw, full of sentiment and deadly afraid of being sentimental, gives us an ironic phrase where your Anglo-Saxon Chesterton would burgeon into paragraphs of loveliness. . . . I mind one day standing on the brink of a chasm and admiring the rainbow-spray of a torrent, when the clink of iron on stone made me turn round. There was young Don Diego, with a tense look in his eyes and a tense balance of body, crawling up on me. I was startled. For a moment I felt that he was about to spring on me and hurl me into the abyss. He did spring, too, but it was to pull me away from the brink, telling me, in much agitation, that he was afraid that a dizziness might seize me, as it had seized a dear friend only the previous year. That friend, it appeared, was a Scotsman, who had been coming to the Estada for three or four seasons, and who had fallen to his death from the ledge whereon I stood craning. A dear friend they called him. It will show you the heart for friendship these people had when I tell you that this Scot, as I gathered, was a tall, angular Caithness man, a tiresome, pestiferous fellow, full of theories and whimsies and metaphysics, and entirely devoid of humour. Indeed, we must admit that, notwithstanding the common belief, the Scot is lacking in humour. . . .

Quite so! Well, as I was saying, my Spanish hosts were entirely too solicitous for my safety. You know, waking suddenly of nights, I have seen one or other of the sons slip out of the room. I am a light sleeper and a dainty one. A closed window smothers me, and iron bars remind me wakefully on the months I spent in your Lewes gaol during the Irish troubles; and so I got the windows of my room forced open and the iron bars removed. I think the Garcilasos were afraid that some jealous neighbour would creep in and steal me from them. One moonlight night I remember in particular. I started awake out of a nightmare—brought on by garlicked mutton and one jorum too many—and looked into a pair of baleful black eyes. I felt cold fingers feeling over my heart, and caught the gleam of half-hidden steel. Yet, it was only young Carlos, one of the sons. He had heard me crying out in my sleep, and had come hot-foot to rescue me from the brigands. He found me choking and struggling, and placed a quieting hand on my breast. I am confident that he would have daggered any enemy daring enough to venture into that room.

On the very next morning I was recalled by wire to a political conference in Dublin. I left with protestations of eternal kinship on every hand, and with a promise wrung and re-wrung from me that I would return this year. Oh! I am going. I can ill-spare the time, and, to be truthful, I have lost taste for their over-solicitude and unreasoning admiration, but I feel called on to do my duty by them. Probably the urge of this obligation on me will not be appreciated by you, bred of generations of self-sufficiency, but look at it in this way . . .

.

He is silent at last, and I place my trust in the God of the Anglo-Saxons whose instrument I am. Since midnight, six hours ago, he has not said a single word. He sits over there in my own special smoking-chair, his short legs stretched at ease, his loose mouth half-open, his green eyes slightly glazed and staring beyond the corner of the room, and a smile of surprise and wonder and knowingness faint, but set like steel, on his face. And he is silent. Yet I am beginning to be afraid that his smile is even worse than his speech. I can do nothing against it. For six hours I have poured out my opinions of him and his damned race, and he has only smiled, as if immersed oceans deep in some wonder outside all the domains of thought.

Last night was the fortieth night he sat in that chair and talked to me. I would not be out-stayed by any family of Dagos too craven to be rid of him. Within the ark of my mind I withstood the deluge of his talk for forty days and forty nights, and then I gave him the gift of silence.

Once, days or years ago—I am no longer sure—he spoke of our Anglo-Saxon Chesterton, and six hours ago I took Chesterton's advice. I kept my thumb on the blade and struck upwards. A little pool of blood has stiffened near his heel on my fine Persian carpet. . . .

The Quenching of the Candles.

By FRANK GALLAGHER.

(From an unpublished manuscript called "Fear : The Story of a Hunger-Strike.")

THIS is the darkest night yet. . . . Death alone could find his way in here now. . . . Thought I saw him sitting in that corner last night, waiting. . . . Yes, he is there again to-night. . . .

I cannot see him . . . but he is breathing softly, and I hear him. . . . It is funny to think of Death breathing. . . . Perhaps if it were not so still he would not be heard. . . . He will sit there all night. . . . He may come and stand over me as he did last night. . . . If he does I shall—I shall ask him. . . .

. . . I feel him coming towards me, not walking, but floating, as it were, like smoke in the listless air. . . .

"Well, Death, how goes it?"

"Better with me than with you."

"You are judging by men's bodies, Death. It is by their souls these men are living."

"But I am concerned only with the body. Since man was, the earth has looked to me to feed it with bodies. Not recently in Ireland as generously as in other places. But here my day is coming. I smell it in the winds that prophesy. The soul is nothing. There are no deeper greens for grass in the soul, no broader blades."

"There will be no deeper greens from our bodies, Death, no broader blades. Our bodies will soon be only our souls."

"Bones are the best manure. These I shall get in full. They will be ready dressed for the white tongues of the grass."

"But you are not a master, Death; you are a servant. What you get you give to the earth or to the sea; but you cannot order. You have to wait until we are given to you, wait for the rejected of the tables of God."

"God is my master, but He trusts me. He has found me a good servant. Seldom He interferes with my work. He will not interfere now. His interference was in the days when I was inexperienced. The world called them miracles. They were simply my mistakes corrected by the Master of my craft. The period of my apprenticeship is long gone by. 'The age of miracles is passed,' the people say; and I cherish the phrase always, and love those who say it. It is a high tribute to me."

"What are your methods, Death?"

"I have only one method. Whether I am to come soon or late

I do not decide. He decides. But when I am come time ceases. It is given to me to enter in even to the souls of those to whom I am sent. The man whom I am taking knows, before any others know, that I am taking him. For I am in him even when those whom you call doctors are smiling with vanity at their own achievements. No man I take unawares. They all know. Many feel they are dying who do not die. But none know they are dying who do not die. And none know until I am come. Once I am come I never leave without my body for the dry brown earth. People there have been who have written of death. These do not know. If they had known they could not have written. When I have come into a man, I close his senses one by one. That sense which he gratified most I leave him longest. If it be the great things of the mind which he cherished, his mind lives even while his body lies dead. If it be his flesh which he nursed in desire, then his flesh dies last, and the fires of its yearnings torture him. As I quench one by one the candles of his life there is no time. Sudden death is a phrase of the living who do not know. Because a man falls and is dead they think the calculated plan of death has not been worked out within him. To him as to you who are to die interminably there is the same death given."

"And when the last sense comes to be closed, the last candle quenched?"

"It is then that man struggles with me. In fairness I have left to him the power for which he most desires to live, for which he will fight most resolutely. The struggle is often very hard and bitter and long; but it is in that struggle that death begins and ends."

"In that struggle you always win?"

"I always win; for that struggle always kills. Death is the robbing from man of his great desire."

"But if a man's great desire be unity with God: what then?"

"Then he does not struggle. His senses are extinguished one by one, but I cannot rob him of his great desire. That which he yearns for is given him in death."

"Is such a man, then, never afraid of death?"

"All men are afraid of me. My Master was afraid of me, of the powers He had given me. It is the humanity in man which dreads my coming, although the divinity in him has prayed for my coming. But death deals only with the humanity in man, and the soul is inundated with the fear that is in the flesh. My Master was perfect as a Man; and His manhood, the more intensely for its perfection, abhorred my coming."

"And what of those who lose consciousness and meet you without waking?"

"The knowledge of death is in the flesh. All who meet me are awake because they are not dead. Consciousness is a human word and has no real meaning."

"When . . . when you are come to speak with men are you . . . are you come to enter them . . .?"

"Not always."

"Are you come . . . to . . . enter . . . me . . . ?"

"Not yet."

"Are you come to enter any here ?"

"Not yet."

"Then why are you come ?"

"I am come because there are many who yearn for me to enter them."

"Many of the men here ?"

"Yes, many. At nights they have cried out for me. But I am not ordered and cannot come. But soon, soon I shall be ordered. I have sat in the cells with all these men. I am sitting in the cell of each now, answering strange questions. They have begun to look with a great friendliness upon me. At first they were afraid and covered their faces when I came. Now there is kindness for me in their eyes. I learn most from the eyes. . . . I shall soon be ordered."

"What if you are not ordered ?"

"I shall go away."

"Will you feel as men say you feel—cheated ?"

"I am never cheated. I enter and men die. If I do not enter men live for a time, a little time. But I enter always, and each man dies. I who entered Adam have learned to wait with patience. I who entered Christ have learned to wait with confidence."

. . . He is gone. . . . "Death!" . . . He does not answer. . .
 "DEATH!" . . . There is more I must ask . . . more. . . . What is beyond ? and how do we journey thence ? How do you take the body and leave the soul ? With what sense am I to fight the battle that you will win ?"

. . . Why don't you answer, Death ? . . . Even you in the cell are better than darkness that has no beginning and no end. . . ."

The Flood.

By LIAM O'FLAHERTY.

THE river swelled silently. Thick rain pattered softly without a pause. The willows on either bank grew corpulent as their stems disappeared beneath the rising water. Swirling eddies made sudden sucking sounds, as the increasing belly of the river tried to squeeze through the archway of the bridge. Corks, sticks, and leaves came whirling down, diving and bobbing. At dawn only the tips of the reeds were visible.

Then the tips of the reeds disappeared. The river overflowed its banks and trickled through the naked brown tree roots, on to the green grass of the fields on either side. To left and right of the bridge foam gathered, and swift streams ran along the base of the brick wall. These streams increased rapidly as the archway cut the excess from the river's girth and sent it frothing to left and right. The fields were being submerged.

Then a great flight of living things began. As soon as the grey cold light of the autumn sun dispelled the darkness of the night, myriad forms of life appeared on the green uneven surface of the fields, crawling and rushing in terror, flying from the water that approached silently from the river, making only tiny sogging sounds as it trickled through the surface earth and through the lean grass and among the roots of the field weeds.

The flight began from the river banks. But it spread away rapidly upwards along the gentle slope of the fields. Each tiny fleeing insect roused the next, until the surface of the fields was one moving mass of black and brown and green bodies, squirming and rushing and twisting in the varied and agonising forms of their flight.

Whither? Here, there, back and forth, an ignorant, frenzied rout of tiny things. They struggled blindly. They clawed and bit and crushed mercilessly. Each was for itself. They dashed heedlessly into roots, maiming their rain-sodden legs. Overthrown as they rushed through a channel between two thick roots, a score of different species lay on their backs, kicking the moist air with their tiny legs, while others crawled and rushed over them. Strong, tall blades of grass became towers, up which hundreds crawled to escape the flood. And wriggling bodies, dislodged from the summit of a blade, hurtled through the air, to the fields, as from a tall precipice, to their death.

The river swelled. The banks disappeared. The flood covered the fields along either bank. Only ridges of green grass were left here and there, like islands, covered with a feverish horde of insects, cut off

from retreat, waiting insensibly for the inevitable approach of the flood, struggling and devouring one another as they waited.

Amidst the scum and debris floating on the water, masses of drowned insects whirled along, dead, dying, dismembered.

And each twig and piece of jetsam was a raft, covered with fierce things fighting for their lives, burrowing into clefts, clinging in silence.

The debris was carried down on the stream. It halted at the bridge, carried to left and right by the swirling currents. The currents jammed it into a mass on either side of the bridge, against the brick wall. Twigs interlaced with yellow and green scum formed a platform, and each fleck of froth, swimming down the slow tide over the fields, rushed into it, increasing it. A wall of yellowish froth rose gradually around each platform.

Cargo after cargo of insects was carried into each wall of froth by the current. Some twigs were caught by under currents, sucked beneath the water, and their loads were drowned. Other were jammed in the outer wall of froth, and the weakened insects, entangled in the froth, perished from exhaustion. Only the larger twigs swung straight into the press of the debris with their loads intact.

Then a terrific struggle commenced. A great mass of insects tried to climb up the brick wall. Insects that had legs clambered up first. They easily gripped the rough surface of the bricks. The first ones immediately dived into crevices. The crevices filled. The mass pressed farther up. The wall was black with rushing things.

The green crawling insects found it impossible to gain a grip on the wall. They were too slow. Hanging on to their twigs with their tails, they raised their twisting heads into the air and then swayed forward, dabbling uncertainly at the wall with their snouts. But the movement of the current allowed the twigs only a solitary moment against the wall before they were tossed away again. So that the green serpents, reaching out for the wall, lost their balance when the twigs were tossed. They were cast into the current and drowned. The scum-covered debris was a living mass of writhing green things; strange, half-formed, primeval things, tossing their heads in the air hopelessly.

The rain ceased at noon, but the river continued to swell, draining the surfeit of water from the neighbouring earth. The flood rose higher. The insects were driven up the brick wall. They struggled upwards until they lay in a long thick line beneath the cement coping, like a living tide mark.

Of the myriad things that had fled in the night only a few thousand remained. Of those survivors, some died of exhaustion and hunger during the day. They lost their hold and fell down into the water. Others, rendered desperate by hunger, surmounted the wall and descended into the roadway beyond, only to perish in the water that covered it. But the remainder stayed without movement under the coping, with their

bellies jammed tight to the wall, clinging miserly to every shred of their vitality, in their great instinctive battle with the flood.

At midnight the flood reached its highest point. Then it began to fall back into the river bed. The next morning a bright sun appeared. The flood decreased all day. At sunset the river banks appeared. Next morning the fields were emptied of water. The river flowed sourly between its shabby banks, after its grand gesture.

Then the insects disbanded from their shelter. Slowly, cautiously, they moved down the wall into the soggy fields. On dry ground again, among their accustomed grasses and roots and weeds, they bustled about savagely, seeking food and strength.

From all sides hordes of insects advanced towards the river in the wake of the flood, devouring the rich food left like a rash on the earth's face.

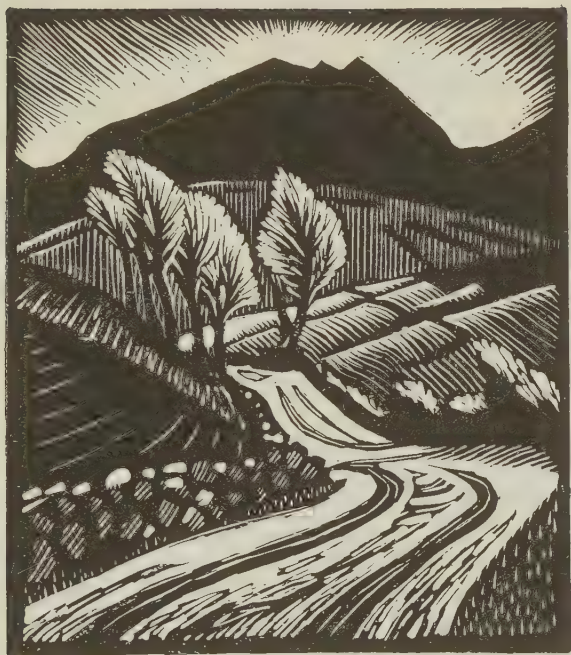


ILLUSTRATION FROM
COUNTY DOWN SONGS
(*Duckworth and Co.*).

Passports, Please.

(*A Little Journal of Travel.*)

By JOHN BRENNAN.

IF wishes were steamships, how many of us would elect to remain in the one place all the year round?

I am a victim of wanderlust. I start out with the best intentions in the world of avoiding those streets where there are shipping agents, but, as surely as the moth dashes into the flame, I find myself in front of one of their windows gazing like a shipwrecked sailor at the pictured ships that come bounding to rescue me. Once the wanderlust has set in I find that all roads lead to roam. It is useless for pessimists to try and damp my enthusiasm with stories of continental profiteering. I have been fleeced at home, too, and prefer to set out in search of the Golden Fleece of the Continent, which has, at least, a gleam of romance still clinging to it.

The stories of the Wandering Jew and the Man who Rode on the Magic Carpet—pernicious propaganda of the tourist agencies—make no mention of passports or visas, but the unhappy would-be traveller soon finds that the lineal descendant of that angel who refused Adam and Eve their visas into the Garden is still holding down his job, and without his consent we shall not pass into the Eden of our dreams. Passports were invented for Englishmen. People of that race have a natural distrust for all who do not speak their language, which makes them offensively defensive when they travel abroad. The British passport has a feudal touch about it that warms the English heart, for Lord Curzon, a man with a string of titles which reads like the advertisement of an auction at Christie's, and with a disputative motto reading "Let Curzon Holde What Curzon Helde," constitutes himself the maiden aunt of every British subject who leaves England and civilization for a trip to foreign parts. It comes as a shock to the Irishman, however, to find that he, too, is thought to be in need of a document guaranteeing him "assistance and protection" from the rest of the world. He has been taught to regard himself as being, in his relations to mankind, like "an unfortunate lion in a den of Daniels"; so it is a blow to his self-esteem when he finds that there are countries where he may have to be on the defensive.

After a wrestle with the passport officials, lasting any time from three weeks to three months, the traveller emerges exhausted, but triumphant, with the permission of the Amalgamated Society of Kings, Queens, and Presidents to journey out of his country and into theirs. He has become a boy again, with a boy's offensive loquacity, a boy's invulnerable cheerfulness, and in this unfortunate spirit he arrives in London—the first stage of his journey. . . .

I have never conversed with an Englishman. Only to-day, on looking up in my dictionary the verb "to converse," did this startling fact come home to me, for "to converse" means to "hold intercourse with, talk familiarly with, interchange thoughts with," and none of these things have I ever done with an Englishman. Give an Irishman a newspaper, and no matter how taciturn he is by nature he will find something in it on which he must exchange views with his neighbour. Give an Englishman a newspaper, and he will shroud himself in it from head to foot, radiating from out his person a funereal silence that quells even the most garrulous. In Ireland we never meet the stage Irishman in real life, but every Irishman visiting England is filled with a desire to play that rôle in the hope that by assuming the motley he may pass unchallenged into the inner thoughts of an Englishman.

I had always believed that there was no part of the discovered globe where the native people had accepted its climate. Even the Flood did not teach mankind that the four seasons are a mere legend, the sun an *ignis fatuus*, and the vagaries of the weather still serve infallibly to open a conversation in every country but England. An Englishman is silent even when this topic is broached by a stranger, and descends on his little social craft like a floating glacier. He will never answer him with "yes" or "no," nor is he so grossly impolite as to tell him to "shut up," but he bangs the door of social intercourse in his face with his favourite monosyllable "quite." This monosyllabic quality of the English has served as a valuable foil to the neighbouring countries, so that Ireland earns an easy reputation for eloquence, and France for vivacity.

Passports, please. . . . We are on German territory, and before long I find myself standing on a German street gazing in spellbound admiration at a splendid individual who seems to be a policeman. In every Irishman antipathy to the police is a point of dogma, so that I examine my German policeman and my conscience in turn to try and discover the reason why he has filled me not only with admiration, but even with a sense of comfort and security. At last my eye lights on the sword which swings bravely by his side, in the place where we are accustomed to see the wicked-looking batons of our police. Continental officialdom still pins its faith to the sword as a symbol of power—I refuse to regard it as more than a symbol. The sword has had its day as weapon of offence, and it would be about as useful as a flint spear-head in a modern fight. Of course, anything, even a jam-pot, can become a lethal weapon in the hands of the right person, but I cannot think of any more effective way of rendering a policeman innocuous than by equipping him with a sword. Germany has a reputation for militarism, so, perhaps, it may be that she has discovered that her police so armed gain in splendour and prestige what they lose in military efficiency. After all, it is the trappings of the military which impress and subdue the civilian. The psalmist who wrote "terrible as an army with banners" knew his human psychology.

In the old Bavarian towns the walls and arches are decorated with victorious battle scenes. Armies with banners prance in front of the eyes everywhere I turn. All of the combatants, whether they are riding on fat horses or marching on fat legs, are heavily laden with standards and pennants; yet they did their work well, for the ground seems to be covered with the corpses of the conquered. I find myself contemplating the question of whether an army with banners would be terrible to anyone except itself, and then, strangely, my thoughts turn to Ulster. How like a Twelfth of July demonstration these warriors must have looked! Ulster in her warlike mood still parades her Orange sashes, her big drums, her pennants, and banners. Did she learn the value of trappings in overawing an enemy from her hero, William of Orange?

Germany is a land of solid virtues and solid food. Beer and sausages, two articles of diet which have long served to provide jokes for circus clowns in England and Ireland, happen to be so much of the routine of German daily life that we can hardly class them as food. For this reason, and I think for this reason alone, we have come to regard the German people as clownish boors. There is as much gaiety and charm in a German beer garden as there is in a French café, but humanity likes to take its pleasures in an atmosphere that is exquisite and, above all, forbidden. The bed of roses must also be *sub rosa* in order to attract your true puritan. It is strange that the world has so long been blind to Germany's real charm. The enchantment of Germany as I see it is the Christmas atmosphere that hangs perpetually over her towns. German toys and German fairy tales made Christmas a living feast throughout the world, for the Germans, alone of all races, seem to have been able to penetrate and interpret the child mind, and Germany must ever be the land of the child heart's desire. I have always admired the German fairies; they are such busy, cheerful little people, and they have an enviable courage in dress. They turn out in brilliant reds and green which many a poor mortal child would love, but would never be allowed to wear. I much prefer them to those filmy Celtic fairies of ours whose appearance suggests that they are half-starved understudies of Anna Pavlova. The Germans love and beautify hard work. Their fairies are always busy with spade or pick-axe, and even their angels are a standing reproach to the angels of other lands. It is an interesting study to compare the religious art of mediæval Germany with that of other countries. French and Italian pictures of the birth of Christ show the Blessed Virgin and all her surrounding angels stricken into immobile adoration before the cradle of the Babe, but in the German pictures of the same subject the angelic worship is shown in the form of work. Angels hurry hither and thither through the pictures, bearing basins of water, towels, and first aid of all descriptions for the service of the little Newcomer. In this simple way German artists revealed to the world both their adoration of children and their love of work—even their angels must bestir themselves and bear a hand during this crisis in the Divine Human life.

Germany's reverses in the war have made of the Germans a finer people. They have lost their old jingoism, and are feeling that romantic love of country which only comes to the defeated. I would not be surprised to hear of a new crop of poets in Germany, and if they do appear they will write poetry of the Dark Rosaleen type. Germany is deeply intrigued with everything Irish. I never had a ten minutes' conversation with a waiter without being asked questions about Irish methods of political organisation and Irish military tactics during the Black and Tan war. Germany to-day is a more discontented, but, perhaps, on the whole, a more united country than before the war. Their new patriotism is better, less mechanical than the old. Too efficient government is often like a story without a love interest, and I think the German loves his fallen queen better than he did the rather plain, but efficient, hausfrau which was pre-war Germany.

It was borne in on me when I left Germany, and began to travel through some of these newly-created or re-created countries which are the offspring of the Treaty of Versailles, that nothing succeeds like secession. Europe to-day is full of little Ulsters, which, though they could not stand on their own feet before the war, are now showing remarkable skill in treading on their neighbours' toes. Each of them has an imperial foster-mother who can always find in any affront to the infant state whom she patronises a *casus belli*. "Hit me now, with the child in me arms," has long been a favourite method of disarming an adversary among Dublin fish-women, and it now seems to have been adopted by the imperial patrons of these new democracies.

Passports, please. . . . We are travelling through Hungarian territory, and I immediately begin to feel that I am on my way to some big Irish market town. It is a relief to find that this is a local train and that we will get a close up view of nature and humanity. An artist once explained to me that express trains, aeroplanes, and automobiles are mainly responsible for the Cubist conception of life. Nature and humanity as seen through the window of an express train become an incoherent scrap-heap of heads, wheels, branches, telephone posts, chimney pots, and rivers. Precipitated through the world at such a rate, we suffer a miscarriage of the vision. To-day the train is jogging along slowly, denying nothing to my eyes. At every station men and women get in with bundles—they are "peasants, gypsies, hunters, guides, villagers, etc.," reminding me, as I try to catalogue them, of the chorus on an opera programme. They are dressed in strange fashions and talking in a strange tongue, but looking and acting so exactly like a group of Irish people that for the moment I feel baffled at my inability to join in the conversation. Yet the feeling only lasts for a moment, for these are my people just as much as would be any gathering within the four seas of Ireland. Instinct interprets for me every word they are saying in their strange language; I anticipate every phase of social development in that railway carriage. Everyone who

comes in "passes the time of day" to those in the carriage; the market women begin to lament the bad prices, and lift their eyes and hands dramatically as they denounce the roguery of the shopkeepers; the Alpine guides, who are the jarvey class of Middle Europe, grumble at the stinginess of the tourists, and talk of going to America, where they have wealthy relations. I am playing a game with myself, betting on the successive moods and successive actions of these people, and I find that I am right in nearly every guess. The time has come when a pack of cards will be produced, and someone's suit case will be hauled out to serve as a table. The Hungarians play cards with just the same gay pugnacity as we do in Ireland. The card game will last about a half-hour, and then it will be time for an eating session, and here, for the first time, I find a difference between the Hungarians and Irish people. In Ireland eating is regarded as a delicate business, never to be undertaken anywhere except in one's own home, or, if necessity compels it, in a restaurant. If we are driven to eat in a railway carriage we resort to subterfuge and secrecy, barricading ourselves behind newspapers or trying to choke down a lunch behind the cover of a handkerchief. The Hungarian, on the other hand, frankly fetches out his bottle of wine, a solid chunk of bacon, and a loaf of bread, carving with his penknife, and exchanging titbits with all around him. The Hungarians are the most earnest eaters I have ever seen, and, withal, they are not greedy (in fact, I experienced embarrassment from their excess of hospitality), nor are they fat or heavy from the excessive amount of food they are able to consume. After the meal the avalanche of talk begins again. In Hungary a conversation does not begin slowly and falteringly like conversations do in other countries. It descends on a company like the Pentecost. Hungarian is a language which must have had its origin on the mountain peaks. It thunders down torrentially from the social heights to the plain people, spoken by all with the same pauseless, ceaseless energy. I know of no other country where the people of all classes speak at the same speed. As a rule, if one class speaks rapidly, the other class cultivates a drawl, but all Hungarians seem to speak their language at a pace that makes one feel that they must be born with something in the nature of frost nails on their tongues to keep them from making grammatical slips. Hungarian is spoken shorthand, and if there is any method of writing shorthand in Hungarian it must be necessary to write an entire column with one cipher. I am amazed at the rapidity and fluency with which they speak, and I begin to feel that if silence is golden I understand one reason for the low value of the Korona. As I listen to them I begin to wish that the Free State Postmaster-General would desist from inviting all and sundry to "learn Irish" on his postal stamps. I can see nasty international complications ensuing if other countries take up the slogan for their native tongues. The Hungarians might retaliate with a like remark about their language, and this would certainly put a dangerous weapon in the hands of the anti-Gaelic Leaguers.

I have arrived at my destination, a remote part of Transylvania, on a little train which, had it plied between two districts in Ireland, would have certainly called forth indignant letters in the *Irish Times* and sarcastic references in the pantomimes, for it is stoked with timber, and faintly illuminated by an oil lamp which looks as if it had been rescued out of the ruins of Pompeii. But its shortcomings are accepted philosophically by the travellers, each of whom carries his own candle to read by, or settles down on rugs and bundles to dream away the hours until he reaches his destination. It is one of those "weather permitting" railways which may make the trip in six hours, or may not do it in six days if there is too much snow. The first impression of Transylvania is an unpleasant one for the traveller if he arrives in winter, for it seems as if the main products of the country are snow and mud. Anyone who has never been in Transylvania has never seen mud in its aboriginal state, for the mud there is the primitive mud that lay on the world on the day of creation. It is menacing and aggressive, sucking the boots off your feet, fettering the ambitious pedestrian, and barricading townland from townland. The powers that control rural affairs in Transylvania are evidently filled with a pious determination not to interfere with the works of the Creator, and they seem to have left the roads just as God made them. This is the first impression of Transylvania—an impression of the "great out-of-doors." One glimpse inside the farmhouses shows another side of the picture, for summer very evidently still keeps these people on her visiting list, and when last she called on them she showered gifts upon them, hanging grapes from the rafters of every farmhouse, and stacking their store-rooms ceiling high with all imaginable kinds of fruit. By the beginning of March the countryside is being swept clean by industrious shafts of sunshine, and flowers pop as suddenly as rabbits out of the ground. A great artist seems to be at work on the landscape, and already I see he has squeezed out little patches of colour on to the formless void outside. There is promise of a glorious picture in a few weeks, but, alas! I shall not be here to see it.

This beautiful country belonged to Hungary before the war, and although when it was handed over to Roumania the administration passed over to Roumanian officials, yet the population is still overwhelmingly Hungarian. A round of social visits begins for me as soon as I arrive, for an English-speaking person who has travelled all the way from Ireland is as much of a curiosity to them as a Chinaman would be in Arran. It is necessary to carry a small library along everywhere I go, a couple of phrase-books and a dictionary playing a leading part in every visit. I feel a fraternal feeling for the Hungarians, I warmed to them, especially, when I learnt that they had never allowed themselves to become absorbed and overawed by Austria. I learnt before long that the Dual Monarchy should have been spelt the Duel Monarchy, for it was always a Kingdom divided against itself, and whenever any Hungarian carelessly described

me as "an Englishman" I had only to retaliate by addressing him as an Austrian, and I immediately brought home to him the gravity of the insult he had offered.

The Hungarians treasure the pre-war map of Hungary with as much sentimental reverence as if it were the picture of a dead beloved. I had never connected romance with maps, any more than I had with multiplication tables, until I saw a Hungarian tracing with a loving hand the former boundaries of his mutilated country. It was a sight that would have wrung tears from a Peace Commission, and when he drew his finger sadly over the large slice of Hungarian territory which had been awarded to his old enemy, Austria, my heart throbbed in perfect sympathy with the bereft Hungarian nation.

Music-Hall Elements:

Their Origin and Antiquity.

By W. J. LAWRENCE.

IT is interesting to note that although the music-hall is a modern institution, dating back only some three-quarters of a century, practically all its salient characteristics ranked among the popular pleasures of Shakespeare's time. To view the Elizabethan theatre as exclusively the temple of the dramatic muses would be mere midsummer madness; nothing calculated to amuse the many-headed beast was despised by the old comedians, and it is into their obscure history one must delve to arrive at the genesis of the variety entertainer.

Merry Dick Tarlton, of clowning memory, was the great pioneer. Whether acting a part or otherwise, none knew better how to avail of the music-hall art of direct appeal. To say that he was the first great comic singer, the Dan Leno of his time, is not to shadow forth more than a slice of his distinguishing qualities. His gifts for extemporising in rude rhyme on subjects suggested by his audience made him the prototype of the improvising topical singer, a type not so very long ago enjoying some vogue in the halls, and whose methods bore so curious a resemblance to their ancient model.

Little by little, indeed, the Elizabethan theatre created or popularised all the features which were ultimately to constitute the music-hall a place of remarkably diversified pleasings. To John Shanks, one of Tarlton's successors in the motley, we owe the establishment of the character-song, that tabloid drama expressed in terms of melody which calls for personative powers as well as vocal ability, and affords a prime test for the artistry of its exponent. Only one of the many character-songs sung by Shanks has come down to us, and of it only the words. Known indifferently as "Shanks's Song," "The Irish Beggar," and "The Irish Footman's Ochone," this is a quaint, highly pathetic ditty in which a poor exile from Erin, whose natural speech is Gaelic, moans out his sorrows in halting English.

It would probably be considered something akin to blasphemy if one were to suggest that Shakespeare, in his novitiate, became versed in the art and mysteries of tumbling, but it is none the less assured that the players of his earlier day were required to be accomplished acrobats, often giving, by way of make-weight to the regular dramatic supply, exhibitions of vaulting and tumbling. Of how much could be done then in this line we know pretty well from Tuccaro's "Exercer de Sauter et Voltiger," published at Paris in 1599, a remarkably interesting book,

at whose illustrations one has only got to glance to see that what improvement in acrobatics has taken place since is rather in the apparatus used than in the art itself. Tumbling, like music, speaks a universal language, and the many troupes of English players who went abroad for lengthened periods at the close of the sixteenth century found their skill in tumbling of very considerable advantage. It accounts for half their popularity.

To-day, those of us who have frequented the halls for a score of years are, it must be confessed, growing somewhat a-weary of tumblers. We should hardly be able to tolerate the monotony of their exhibitions were it not for the relief often afforded by the humours of their attendant clowns. Here, too, we light upon an Elizabethan analogy. In "Every Man Out of his Humour" Ben Jonson makes one of his characters perpetuate stage history by indulging in a revealing simile :

"He's like the zany to a tumbler,
That tries tricks after him, to make men laugh."

Apart from its occasional use as a factor of the drama, dancing, too, was sedulously cultivated by the Elizabethan player. At the small select theatres, as that early burlesque, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," shows, it was customary for well-trained boys to trip the light fantastic between the acts, what time the gallant seated on the stage quaffed his wine or homelier ale.

And just here we strike another analogy between olden times and times well within living memory. In the early music-hall, and up, indeed, to some forty years ago, Mahomet shirked going to the bar, so the bar came to Mahomet. Before the era of grandmotherly legislation the lover of mirth and melody preserved the customs of his forbears, free and unashamed, and consumed his potations where he sat.

Whosoever kept a strict Lent in Shakespeare's later day the authorities took care that the players were of their number, for, in prohibiting acting at the period of abstinence, they did their best to deprive them of the means to eat. One finds covert allusion to this arbitrary practice in "Hamlet":

"To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you."

But this protracted prohibition was in the beginning a mere sop to the Puritans: it was play-acting that was the deadly offence, not the simple fact of the theatres being opened. Consequently the theatre proprietors soon found a ready means of driving a coach-and-four through the stern enactment. By discreetly bribing the Master of the Revels they gained permission to turn their playhouses for the time being into incipient music-halls. In the lenten period entertainments of singing and dancing, diversified by tumbling, rope dancing, and feats of sleight-of-hand, were given.

It was in this way that the players formed alliances with famous jugglers like Hocus Pocus and Travitanta Tudesco, and learnt from them tricks which they pressed into dramatic service, a circumstance which

The Dublin Magazine

accounts, among other things, for the device of the disappearing banquet in "The Tempest." Long habituated to know the value of (what commercial travellers now call) a side-line, Shakespeare's old associates, the King's Players, were glad to take Hocus Pocus with them in 1638, when they forsook London and went on tour in the country.

A decade earlier it had become the practice to let the London theatres in Lent to foreign mountebanks, who lured the unsuspecting public thereto by means of variety entertainments provided by their own troupes of acrobats and buffoons, and gratuitously given, in order that by flamboyant oratory they might sell to the credulous their much-vaunted pills and potions. At other seasons these quacks perambulated the country. Thus, in February, 1630, a licence was granted to "John Poncteus, a Frenchman, professing physick, with ten in his company, to exercise the quality of playing for a year, and to sell his drugs." Poncteus found England for long a happy hunting ground. In 1642, one Knowles, a rope-dancer belonging to his company, was arrested for robbery; and in 1663 Poncteus and his mimes were amusing (and humbugging) the Edinburgh public.

With the suppression of the players on the outbreak of the Civil War a great impetus was given to the variety entertainment. Nature, though expelled by a pitchfork, will return, and even in puritanical days the people had to have their amusement. There was much seeking after new moulds, and once again necessity proved the mother of invention. Under pretence of giving nothing more than rope-dancing, Robert Cox, the comedian, introduced the sketch at the old Red Bull Theatre, culling his material (as sundry music-hall comedians have done since) from the comic episodes in bygone plays. No less remarkable was the establishment in 1658, at the Mitre, hard by the west end of St. Paul's, of the first public concert-room, though the fact has somehow escaped the notice of our musical historians.

Thus it was that, by the time the king came to his own again, all the elements of the organised music-hall were in existence in solution, albeit a couple of hundred years had to pass before their precipitation could be brought about.



ILLUSTRATION FROM
COUNTY DOWN SONGS.
(*Duckworth and Co.*)

Book Reviews.

IRELAND AND WALES. Cecile O'Rahilly, M.A. Longmans, Green and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

O'Rahilly is a respected name in contemporary Irish scholarship. By the emergence into authorship of this representative of the spindle side of the house its reputation is enhanced. For Miss C. O'Rahilly possesses the attributes of the true historical expositor and literary critic—her brain is ice-cold in dealing with evidence, no personal predilections deflect, to the slightest extent, her judgment, which is grounded on accurate knowledge, widely gleaned. Her mind is acutely legal, or, rather, it is more just than equitable. The manner in which she sifts fact from theory or surmise is admirable, at times even delightful, especially when summing up opposite contentions. These qualities are best exhibited in the first dissertation, "Goidels and Brythons," an old-time cock-pit for the display of dialectics of two opposing forces of Celtic scholars. Miss O'Rahilly lucidly states the arguments on the one side and on the other with considerable erudition, and thus delivers judgment :

"The Goidels came from Gaul direct to Ireland, not across Great Britain. The idea of an overland route from the Continent to Ireland is a modern one and due to modern conditions. The direct route from West Gaul to Ireland was in use up to the twelfth century, and we can trace it back to the first century of our era. In the classical writers, who are our authorities for the history of Roman Britain, we find nothing to indicate the presence of an original Goidelic population in the four extensive districts to which Rhys assigns them. Therefore, whatever Goidelic elements are found in Britain in the historical period must be attributed to invasions and settlements of Goidels from Ireland. Whether we take history for our guide, or native tradition, or philology, we are led to no other conclusion, but this : that no Gael ever set his foot on British soil save from a vessel that had put out from Ireland."

In "Historical Relations of Ireland and Wales" also there is considerable original research among primary sources. The author's intimate acquaintance, not merely with early Irish and Welsh literature, but with practically every relative voice in archaeology and history, is evidenced in every page. The survey begins with the traditional accounts, through the Christian period, into the Viking age, and from thence to the Anglo-Norman era ; nothing but praise is merited by this part of the volume. The Later Intercourse chapter is weak in part. It is the only haphazard venture. Whilst "Early Commerce and Intermarriage" will silence even the most captious, the mediaeval commercial intercourse is lacking the same intimate touch of first-hand knowledge. The *Calendars of Close and Patent Rolls*, *Gilbert's Calendars of Ancient Records of Dublin*, the various Corporation books and records that have been printed would have revealed much valuable matter. There is no allusion to the recorded sympathy of the Gaels of Ireland with the national struggle of the Welsh during the wars of Edward I. of England. In Royal Letters (1351), circa 1287, Thomas Fitzmaurice records that "on account of the Welsh war the Irish are elated beyond their wont ; some have raised war, and others are ready to raise it ; wherefore, the magnates of Ireland have prayed him to resist the Irish." The Irish troops raised by the Anglo-Normans to fight the Welsh, and the Welsh to crush the Irish, have no recorder here, nor yet is the significant fact that from Ireland was obtained most of the wheat, oats, malt, as well as wine and dried

fish, to feed the English troops—significant because the old falsehood still lingers that the Irish did not grow corn until after the sixteenth century. Does not the audacious Bagwell in "Ireland under the Tudors" actually write "Corn a foreign crop" in Elizabethan Ulster? The quantities sent to Wales, Scotland, and France indicate intensive tillage in thirteenth and fourteenth century Erin. Matthew Paris narrates that Edward I. threatened the Welsh with the naval strength of the Irish; they retorted with "piracy" and "rapine." These acts show but one side of the picture. In Oxford the Irish and Welsh fought side by side against the English and Scots in the many student battles. Strangely, there is no allusion to the valuable Latin letter, preserved by Adam of Usk, intended for the Ard-righ, probably Art Mac Morrough, who, according to an old Norman-French chronicler, claimed to be the "King of Hibernia and Ireland—English and Irish Ireland, and the other Lords of the Gael." This letter, written by Owain Glyndwr, the Welsh hero, requested Irish aid to drive out "the hated English," the foe of both nations; it averred that an old Cymric prophecy maintained that Wales would never regain its freedom save by Irish help. From this mediæval period, save for the oft-cited seizure of the chief towns of Pembrokeshire, 1528, by the men of James, Earl of Desmond, until the days of the Famine, Miss O'Rahilly vouchsafes no information.

Unlike most writers on Irish History, she does not confound the two inimical nations, the Norse and the Danes, save in one instance: Dublin was a Norse, not a Danish Kingdom. Her keen *fláir* for evidence is seen everywhere, especially where she rejects Dr. Goddard Orpen's ingenious philological speculations for time-honoured Gaelic authorities. Yet some critics have blamed her for this mental astuteness. The origin of the Mac Quillins of the Route, Co. Antrim, and the Barretts is a case in point. She accepts the opinion of the great Dr. O'Donovan and of Conall Mac Geoghegan (*fl.* 1635) that the Mac Quillins were of Welsh origin. Duald Mac Firbis, the greatest genealogical authority in Gaeldom, asserts that the Mac Quillins came from Wales at the time of the Anglo-Norman Invasion (1169-1171), and had descended from the old Dalriadic race of princes. In the sixteenth century the English State Papers writers always referred to this clan as being English. Thus the Lord Deputy, St. Leger, informs Henry VIII. (1542) that Mac Quillin, "who having long strayed from his allegiance (his ancestors being your subjects, and came out of Wales)." . . . Again, "Mac Quillin, which is a Englishman, and now submitted to your Majesty." Shane the Proud, in his customary contemptuous manner in speaking of everything English, called Mac Quillin "a mere Englishman": "Time out of mind the Mac Quillins were mere English (Galls)." The final chapter, "Literary Relations," is brilliant. It is a full-celled honeycomb of erudition. In clarity of expression, in fulness of knowledge, in sound incisive criticism, it will remain long without a peer.

No Irish scholar's bookshelf is complete without this luminous and erudite volume.

SEAN GHALL.

PIPERS AND A DANCER. By Stella Benson. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London. 6s.

Stella Benson—I don't know whether she is Miss or Mrs.—evidently thinks of herself as a novelist. For she makes her heroine in this book say: "Make me stop talking—I am only copying the heroine of one of Stella Benson's novels." Her other books may be novels. This most certainly is not one,

though the hero is melodramatic enough to be captured by Chinese brigands and held for a ransom. But, soberly speaking, there are no facts in this book. One simply can't grip them. This little book is merely a shimmering mass of impressions. When the author writes facts, they don't come off. The writing is quite clear and intelligible. But the reader pays no attention. They only exist to form a nucleus around which Stella Benson's mind comes to ink and paper. And what is this mind? It is charmingly epigrammatic and piquant, with a delicacy of impression and a swift brightness of expression, and a capacity for details rather than essentials. And when Stella Benson can tell the main story, as well as the asides, in these qualities, she will be someone to be reckoned with. Yet the frills of this story are a real delight. And Ipsie snatches haphazardly a maddening and elusive existence. The other characters strike one stiff with boredom.

MICHAEL ORKNEY.

THE RIVET IN GRANDFATHER'S NECK. By James Branch Cabell.
John Lane, London. 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Cabell evidently consoles himself for the impossibility of understanding life by writing books like "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck." There is matter here for much brooding and thinking. Most novelists bang the door on the attempt to understand a little of human life. Mr. Cabell goes to the other extreme. He is always finding and trying to open new doors to old wisdom. He calls this book "a comedy of limitations." He possibly found the limitations in his faithlessness to his own intuitions. If he had given them a freer rein he would not have been so bothered by the compulsion of the rivet in grandfather's neck. I don't like to call him stiff-necked. But, nevertheless, there is an element of this nature in his writing. The book as a whole does not live up to the ironic fantasy suggested by the title. We are all suffering or exulting from our forefathers' rivets. Destiny working through heredity is a formidable and serious subject. And yet it is good at times to be able to joke a little about our moral and mental delinquencies and deficiencies, and ascribe them merrily to "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck."

This is what the title of the book suggests might have been done, and just exactly what Mr. Cabell has not done.

MICHAEL ORKNEY.

STRIVING FIRE. By Gerald Cumberland. Grant Richards, Ltd.,
London. 7s. 6d. net.

The besetting sin of this book is its fatal fluency. Mr. Cumberland handles a facile pen. It is more than this. It is impetuous and unrestrainable. It dashes along—and leaves a trail of froth in the reader's mind. The general impression is one of irresponsibility and immaturity. The book is easy reading. Like the movies, it passes a few weary evening hours, and leaves no impression on the morning mind.

Mr. Cumberland is apparently very anxious to be a "best seller." And it is quite within the bounds of possibility that he will succeed some day.

MICHAEL ORKNEY.

THE CLOCK. By Aleksei Remizov. Authorised Translation by John Cournos. Chatto and Windus, London. 7s.

The underlying feeling of this book is as of one whose feet are struggling in the mire, but who still sees the stars. The author refuses to be blind to the sordid aspect of humanity. But he writes of it with all its ugly realism lightened by a bizarre fantastic touch, and illuminated by a genuinely human sympathy and understanding. He cannot shake himself entirely free from a sense of doom—the inevitable doom of death that hangs over all earthly enterprise and effort. And yet, as opposed to this, he elaborates the idea that all the bitter frustration and agony of life are only a means of making us worthy to be taken by death. That the highest point of human development is to be able to compel death to receive us.

Judging from the amazing excellence of this translation, the original must be written in a style somewhat like Synge's "Playboy of the Western World." The highest praise one can give the translation is to say that the book does not read like a translation.

It would be impossible to give any idea of the dark fantasy of "The Clock" in a brief space. It is a book for the strong and sorrowful mind. One can learn here, a little, how to be steel to the piercing malignity of life, and yet pliable to its human appeal.

MICHAEL ORKNEY.

A JACKDAW IN DUBLIN. By M. J. MacManus. The Talbot Press, Dublin. 1s. net.

This is a little book of parodies of the literary style of living Irish writers. The dedication is the best thing in it: "To Susan Mitchell, who, by damning my early attempts at serious verse with faint praise, spared Dublin the affliction of another minor poet." One almost wishes Miss Mitchell had not sworn. But it apparently matters little, for some people are born to be borne with under any guise. And, indeed, we still have the serious writer with us. Much of this little book is too serious. That is what is wrong with it. A parodist is born, not made. He does not become one merely because he has been rejected as a minor poet. And apparently there is no other reason behind this little book, except, perhaps, to give our native Philistines an opportunity to share in the jeer at our distinguished literary men, and to encourage them in thinking they know the sort of rubbish these fellows write, because they have read the parodies.

MICHAEL ORKNEY.

A CONCISE ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH. By Ernest Weekley, M.A. John Murray, London. 7s. 6d. net.

A most interesting dictionary for those interested in the derivation of new and unusual words. Take, for instance, "omadhaun." It is explained as follows: "(Anglo-Ir.) Ir. amadán, fool." Or, "Sinn Féin" (pol.), Ir., we ourselves. Pol. society (1905)." A commonly used term "O.K." is explained, "For orl korrekt. U.S. since 1790." However, in Mr. David Lawrence's book, "The True Story of Woodrow Wilson," there is a different explanation.

He says President Wilson always used "okeh." And when his Secretary looked it up in a modern dictionary he found—"O.K., a humorous or ignorant spelling of what should be okeh, from the Choctaw language, meaning—It is so." I wonder what Mr. Weekley would say about this?

M. O.

THE NEW ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London. 1924.

This is a book designed to give the music lover, or music student, all the essential facts and information relative to his art, within the compass of a single volume. The amount of knowledge packed into its 967 pages is simply marvellous. Indeed, from the standpoint of compression this volume is wonderful. And yet nothing really necessary seems to have been omitted. A novel feature is the list of musical activities and associations in all the principal cities of the world. Part I. comprises Definitions and Descriptions. Part II. consists of Biographies. Part III., already referred to, is entitled "Places, Institutions, and Organisations." The book is illustrated with many pictures of various sorts of musical instruments, and portraits of a series of representative modern musicians.

THE CRITERION, October, 1924. A Quarterly Review. R. Cobden-Sanderson, 17 Thavies Inn, London, E.C. 3s. 6d. net.

The October "Criterion" is an interesting number. Mr. John Shand writes on Conrad, and Mr. F. W. Bain in "1789" tries to convince us that all revolutions come from good government, which allows some section of the community to get into a condition in which its position no longer corresponds with its ambitions. And he invokes Aristotle's imprimatur for this thesis.

"The Experience of Newman," by Ramon Fernandez, is a brilliant article, subtle and lucid, giving a fascinating analysis of what the writer considers is Newman's position regarding the relation of thought and faith. "Psychomachia," by Conrad Aiken, is a longish poem in blank verse, a little high-falutin' perhaps, a little melodramatic, because its fantasy has not become an art reality. But there are fine lines in it, and moving passages. And underneath the sense of Russian music, half ballet, half nameless atrocity. But decidedly I don't like the mood out of which it was written.

There are three story sketches, all seeking to portray states of mind rather than incident. Mr. D. H. Lawrence contributes "Jimmy and the Desperate Woman," the principal character of which—the editor of "a high-class, rather high-brow, rather successful magazine" seems to be somewhat familiar.

The various articles dealing with current music, drama, and literature, both at home and abroad, are very capably done and full of information.

MICHAEL ORKNEY.

THE MATHEMATICAL THEORY OF RELATIVITY.

By A. S. Eddington. Cambridge University Press.

Professor Eddington is the leading English writer on Relativity, the only one from Newton's land who has assisted notoriously in elucidating and develop-

ing the new law of gravitation. This second edition of his work is enlarged by a number of important notes.

Those who have read his more popular exposition, *Space, Time, and Gravitation* know what his style is like, humorous and rapid—one might say cavalier, to express at the same time its good and bad qualities. Often he forgets that the humdrum laws of motion, and even the Einsteinian deviations from them, are easier to understand than the curvature of space-and-time by which he expresses them. Curvature can be visualised only in one or two dimensions, and its utility to the layman ceases when it cannot be visualised. But Professor Eddington continues to talk, in a way that often reminds us of Panurge, gaily, paradoxically, about that and other mathematical abstractions.

That style is carried into this abstruser treatise ; in this respect the book is a mathematical phenomenon. The identification of the mind-stuff of mathematical deduction with bricks and mortar and the passing of the common day should be done, one might think, a little tentatively in a profane world. But Professor Eddington makes at one point a suggestion of a lunatic asylum for those who cannot see the correspondence.

Relativity is the most daring and universal attempt to clothe the world of events with garments made in the loom of the intellect. It brings us back again to the Scholastic notion of the *species intelligibiles* of things. A few fundamental ideas, event, dimension, interval, relation of contiguity, are taken from the world, subjected to the arabesque process of algebra, and then go forth from the mathematician's brain to rule the world. The law of gravitation, the laws of electromagnetism, are literally deduced from mind-stuff alone. And even though the atomic domain of physics still remains unconquered, the structure of the universe as a whole still a mystery, the theories of Einstein and his followers may be said, nevertheless, to have youth and vigour on their side.

The great superiority of Professor Eddington's work lies in its constant reference to results in Physics and in his own special domain of Astronomy. Its defect is that it often makes us feel that we are being hustled along. We are frequently inclined to think, when the author defends a statement, that he could with equal ease have defended its contrary, as in the *Sic et Non* of Abelard. A sense of quiet watching of the works and times of the universe is more to be found in the great treatise on Relativity by the German mathematician, Hermann Weyl. One feels grateful to him for those few sentences, thrown out here and there, and sounding like organ music of the cosmos ; and one feels he has won the right to say them. Especially this passage at the end : " He who looks back on the way we have travelled, which led us from Euclidean forms to the metrical field of matter and motion, the container of the phenomena of gravitation and electricity, he who seeks to obtain a united view of that totality, which we have had to represent by partial and successive analysis of a manifold, must feel a mastering sense of the freedom he has won—a tightly closed cage, in which thought was hitherto imprisoned, has been burst asunder ; he must feel intimately possessed by a certitude that our reason is not merely a human, all-too-human contrivance in the struggle for existence, but can measure itself, in spite of dimness and error, with the reason of the world, and that the consciousness of each of us is a theatre where the One Light and Life of Truth possesses its image in the mirror of things that appear. Our ears have caught a few fundamental chords of that harmony of the spheres, of which Pythagoras and Kepler dreamed."

There is a calmness there to which Professor Eddington does not attain.

And Weyl is right also in doing what Professor Eddington refuses to do, in seeking for some Principle of Least Action (named Hamiltonian after the Irish mathematician) as the basis of a mathematical structure of the world. Such a principle, involving the uniqueness and inevitability of any portion of the cosmos, is obviously the most satisfying to the mind as a foundation for physical theory.

P. BROWNE.

A GUIDE TO CAPER. By Thomas Bodkin. Chatto and Windus, London. 5s.

If editors of magazines would only employ children to review those books which are produced for the entertainment of children it would be a great help to parents and a boon to the children for whom the books are bought. We have all painful memories of books which were presented to us in our childhood days by mistaken elders who were overzealous in their efforts to improve our minds.

In the last generation childhood lasted for a very much longer period than it does to-day. The higher education of the parents has done away with that prolonged period of ignorance in the children which our fathers glorified under the name of innocence, so that to-day we have no such thing as children—only infants and young people. Bearing this in mind, it is difficult for an adult to gauge the mind of a modern young person, or to estimate how much he will understand of such a book as "A Guide to Caper." For this reason I went methodically to work and called a board of censors together, composed of two little boys and one little girl of ages ranging between nine and eleven, and whilst I read "Guide to Caper" to them, and showed them the illustrations to each chapter, I watched their faces and listened for their laughter and their comments. As a result of these deliberations I have come to the conclusion that, although they unanimously, and rightly, praised the pictures, the wealth of detail in which would fetch the enthusiasm of any child, yet this book will not make an appeal to any child under nine years, over eleven years, and only a limited appeal to those between the ages of nine and eleven. Nevertheless, those who do like it will treasure it as a very special favourite, for, although "A Guide to Caper" is sometimes a little sophisticated and the words used are a trifle difficult—so that we feel that the child reader may need a guide to guide him through this Guide—yet there are here and there gleams of simple fun which all children will enjoy. My board of censors, for instance, thoroughly appreciated the description of the Municipal Soup Kitchen in Caper, this imaginary land of the Ursors. The Ursors, a race whose appearance suggests that they are closely related to our old friends the Teddy Bears, run this soup kitchen, where poor Ursors can get free soup whenever they are hungry, and "when the people flock up, the young Ursor who has charge of the place makes them an address of welcome, with a sort of grace at the end of it. But it is a very short speech, otherwise the soup would get cold." This is a simple and homely touch which will amuse children. But it is safe to say that not one child out of fifty would appreciate the rather sophisticated humour of such chapters as "The Palatine Avenue—Known as Barrels," or the "Plasters' Meeting House," nor would they understand such a phrase as "I myself am partial to the local mead which is made from wild honey, and is very wholesome and exhilarating." It is a book for bookish children, and Mr. Bodkin seems to have realised as much, for he has given them a delightful chapter on the

The Dublin Magazine

"Book Shop," where we learn that the Upsilon children read as much as two books a day, and "generally learn to read before they can walk. . . . Books are cheap in Caper. Quite good books can be had for a flower or a sugar-topped biscuit."

Mr. Bodkin has shown wisdom in constantly drawing attention to the illustrations, which will do much to elucidate the text and convince the reader of the beauties of "Caper."

JOHN BRENNAN.

THE SHEFFIELD CIVIC SURVEY AND DEVELOPMENT PLAN.

By Patrick Abercrombie. The University Press of Liverpool, Ltd. 20s. net

Professor Patrick Abercrombie's name is familiar to Dublin. It was he who secured the £500 premium in the Dublin Town Planning competition promoted in connection with the Civic Exhibition of ten years ago. There is now published work of a similar character, but relating to Sheffield. It is a valuable example of the modern method of dealing with cities and their improvement. The city and its surroundings are minutely examined. The Civic Survey begins with the natural topography, the geology and meteorology, the history, the industries and the communications of the whole area under review. Study is then devoted to questions of public health and housing, open spaces and business centres. On all these points most elaborate statistics have been collected and analysed, and elaborate maps and plans show the reader each aspect of the investigation. Some of these plans show so much detail that their clearness is considerably impaired.

The second part of the volume is devoted to a development plan based on the lessons learnt from the Civic Survey. The author is a strong believer in the "zoning" system, and his suggestions as to future regrouping of the population so as to regulate density are of universal value, and the same remark applies to his analysis of traffic problems. Due and proper regard is given to the "humanities"—the intellectual and artistic sides of city life.

The keynote of the work is its intense modernism of method in dealing with city development. The complicated problem of the whole mechanism of a large social and industrial centre is reduced to its component factors, and set out in elaborate detail. This is a laborious process and consumes much time, but it is the only foundation upon which to build a thought-out rather than a fortuitous structure. The printing of this book is a model for all of its kind.

THE TOWN PLANNING REVIEW. Vol. XI., No. 1. The University Press of Liverpool, Ltd. 4s. net.

The Department of Civic Design of Liverpool University is certainly active. The quarterly number now issued traverses a very wide ground, from a study of Town Planning Enactments, a review of the Planning of Moscow, to the really admirable article on how to plant and look after street trees. The principal feature is devoted to the effect of zoning on New York architecture. The illustrations of the nightmare sky-scrapers constitute an awful warning to all people interested in sane town-planning. New York puts the population of a small town into a Tower-of-Babel-like structure, and is surprised to find that the result is a traffic-jam practically unhandleable. New York can look

after itself, but the lesson is that we should depend upon the first two dimensions before being driven to the final resort of the third, and the first two dimensions can be written in two words—improved transit.

“SPUNYARN.” By Sir Henry F. Woods, K.C.V.O., etc. Hutchinson and Co., Paternoster Row, London, 1924. Two volumes. 36s. net.

The title pages of these two volumes indicate that here is a remarkable book written by a quite unusual man. His qualifications are “Lieutenant, Royal Navy, and Admiral, Imperial Ottoman Naval Service,” a blend not at all ordinary, and the author’s decorations are many.

Sir Henry Woods joined the British Navy in the remote fifties, when steam was an innovation, and not approved of. In those days were sail and sailors, and also, unfortunately, flogging and hanging at the yard-arm for offences which in these times would be purged by short terms of imprisonment. The modern bluejacket, when inclined to grumble, should have selected portions of “Spunyarn” read to him. He would realise with gratitude that the days when an ill-conditioned officer could turn a ship into a floating hell are gone for ever. But Sir Henry Woods has lived to see the day when the use of a blow or personal abuse to one of the lower deck means the end of a commissioned officer’s career; and in 1914 he saw the guns of the “Goeben” and “Breslau” dominating Constantinople, and the British Fleet unable to pass the Dardanelles. The gallant author obviously cannot trust himself to speak with any freedom upon that episode. That these ships should have reached Constantinople without being brought to action has never been explained, and neither has the subsequent failure of the British Fleet to force the Dardanelles. The two events, however, had a profound influence on the course and duration of the Great War.

A fault in this work is that the author leaves aside his early experiences and training. He assumes that the reader knows as much as he does of how great ships, square-rigged, used to be handled by sailors like himself, who were, indeed, “masters of the sea.” The English and French sailors, before steam came, were in honourable rivalry in these matters. Now it is all steam, twin-propellers, and gyro-compasses. The modern naval officer is a mere specialist afloat—and is sometimes seasick.

To select anything out of these two thick volumes is difficult. The standard of merit is too high. Sir Henry’s story of his efforts (eventually successful) to place a lightship in the Bosphorus at a difficult entrance will appeal to true sailors, who, one and all, are only comfortable in deep waters; and many other things, will intrigue them, notably, “Admiral Pasha’s” production of a mine as dangerous as any produced during the war. But the author is not interested in himself, and has nothing to say of the pupils he taught in gunnery and seamanship, and who became most formidable officers in the Turkish Navy.

This blunt, but obviously able sailor-cum-diplomat says very directly that if a little care had been devoted to watching Turkey, and keeping Abdul Hamid on his throne, the Great War would not have occurred, or, alternatively, that the Sultan would have been neutral. A desperate saying, but Sir Henry knows the East, which is the beginning and the end of all Empires.

The story of tortuous intrigues in Constantinople is well told, and should be read in every Foreign Office. But will not Sir Henry find time to tell us something about the almost forgotten technique of the sailing ships he commanded? How many of those who used the sea would now understand such a term as even "full and by." When men were sailors really, they had to face and fight the elements, and Sir Henry Woods should set down on paper something of a great art that is rapidly becoming lost.

J. F. M.

MAC DÁCÓ. Innseán nuair le TOMÁS Ó MÁILLE. Comlué
OIDEACAIS NA hÉIREANN.

Is léir gur le h-áir scoilteanna d'ait-innseán an sean-scéal so, agus innsteair go beo bríogmar é, go mór mór an sáir-eactra úr nuair a tásas Conall Cearnac istead, agus ceann an cúrair fé n-a fallainn aise. Ac nár ceart, ar an uair seo de'n lá, na sean-scéalta d'aistriú go díreac ó sean-šaeóilz go nuair-šaeóilz. Is náireac aineolus na ndaoine 'na dtaobh, agus is náireac, freisin, ná fuil an obair seo déanta as lué léiginn. Ní tiocpaíó áilneac nó fairsinge i liteardact na nuair-šaeóilze go mbeir dúbair agus blas agus saois na scéalta so ar eolus as an aos foghluma.

GUT NA BLAÓNA. Uimreaca a 3 agus a 4. Samraó agus fogmar, 1924. Glasú: ALASDAIR MAC LABRINN IS A MÍC.

Tá molaó tuille as an bpáipéar so de bárr a cuma agus feadais a aisti. Comairligim do šaeóalair é do ceannac; geobair aiste so-léigte ar donac Tailteann agus danta deasa i nšaeóilz na hálbann. Agus beir náire ort a cuimneam nárb' féidir le n-a leitéir seo de páipéar, an Dranar, a costas do díol ina dtír féin.

PÁORAIZ DE BRÚN.